

## The Legendary Man Chapter 121

### Chapter 121 A Beast

The Special Forces?

Everyone blanched in horror at the mention of the Special Forces. The Special Forces were under the jurisdiction of the Jazona Military District.

Normally, they'd only be summoned when a dangerous individual or drug dealer posed a threat to the public.

The aim of the Special Forces was not to arrest but to kill the criminal.

Oh, no! We're screwed!

That was Josephine's first thought.

I'm so doomed! I can't believe Jonathan dared to resist arrest and shoot the deputy police

chief! Does he have a death wish?

"Have you gone mad, Jonathan? Do you know what you're doing? After assaulting a police

officer, are you resisting arrest? You're not a cat with nine lives!"

Josephine snapped as anger stirred within her.

She didn't bother hiding the disappointment she had for Jonathan.

He's really a disappointment! I thought he would at least change a bit after three years, but

he's still the same. Evidently, old habits die hard. He never thinks twice and acts recklessly!

This time, even my family has been dragged into his mess.

Jonathan glanced at her and answered placidly, "I know what I'm doing!

It's just the Special

Forces. Let's see what they are capable of. Dare they take action against me?"

He was utterly confident of himself, for the Four Asura Guards were established by him.

Even the Special Forces were under the jurisdiction of the Four Asura Guards.

If they dare to take action against me, they are doomed!

“You are mad beyond saving!” Josephine’s face turned pale as she quivered with anger. It had never crossed her mind that Jonathan would kick up such a huge fuss at the class reunion. Not only did he beat up the deputy police chief’s son, he even assaulted the police officers and resisted arrest! He also fired a shot in the deputy police chief’s direction without any fear for his own life. “Jonathan, I’m really sorry. It was all my fault. I’m sorry for causing trouble!” Even a fool would realize the severity of the problem, let alone Tanya. After all, the Special Forces were deployed, sealing Jonathan’s fate. “This has nothing to do with you. I just didn’t like that he was bullying you!” Jonathan replied, casting an indifferent look at Nick, who was hiding behind his father. Does he think he can do anything he wants just because his father is the deputy police chief? “You brat! Don’t get ahead of yourself. Doomsday is coming for you!” Nick declared, clenching his jaw in anger. Ha! The Special Forces have been summoned. Jonathan is going to die soon! So what if he’s good at fighting? He’s no match for a dozen rifles! “Oh? I think doomsday is coming for you, though,” Jonathan retorted. He then ignored him and turned to Tanya. “Is he your ex-boyfriend?” he asked gently.

Tanya responded with a nod. She dared not glance in Nick’s direction. Clearly, Nick had traumatized her so much that she didn’t even dare to look at him.

“Why are you so afraid of him?” Jonathan asked.

Instead of leaving, he struck up a casual conversation with Tanya.

“I...”

A flash of anguish appeared on Tanya’s face. Her entire being started trembling as though she was recalling a painful memory from the past.

“If you don’t feel like sharing, never mind!” Jonathan could tell what she was thinking.

Perhaps it’s a painful past that she couldn’t bring herself to reveal to everyone.

“It’s not a secret,” replied Tanya. She bit her lip and exhaled heavily.

“He’s a beast who

doesn’t deserve to be called a man. Back when we were dating, I discovered him cheating

on me. Instead of repenting, he beat me up harshly, breaking three of my ribs. I even

suffered from a serious concussion! After that, he didn’t allow me to leave him. I had to

report to him my whereabouts in detail every day. He also installed a surveillance camera in

my house to monitor my every move. Even if I wanted to buy a drink outside, I’d have to

report it to him. If any of my actions made him upset, he’d go crazy and beat me up! Once,

he tied me up and tortured me for three days straight!”

Tanya grew extremely emotional as tears streamed down her cheeks.

“I’m still suffering

from chronic insomnia. Every time I fall asleep, I’ll be haunted by the past. I couldn’t even

take an afternoon nap for fear of him plaguing my dreams. I don’t want to recall how he

tortured me back then!”

Domestic violence!

Jonathan finally put two and two together after hearing Tanya’s explanation.

No wonder Tanya was traumatized by the sight of Nick! Anyone would react the same if they

were in her shoes.

“Why didn’t you call the police?” someone yelled in the crowd.

“Call the police? Will the police help me?” Tanya broke down in tears.

“His father is the

deputy police chief. After I made a police report, I was detained for a week, but nothing

happened to him. I was tortured and assaulted for the entire week. There's no way I'll ask for the police's help again! All I wanted was to stay away from him for the rest of my life. If I hadn't escaped from Jazona when he was away, he would have still tortured me until today!" Suddenly, her legs went limp as though she had exhausted her energy from crying. In a small voice, she muttered, "After staying away from Jazona for a few years, I thought I wouldn't run into him that easily, but the fiendish beast appeared before me days after my return!" "Nonsense! She's spouting rubbish! That isn't true!" Nick promptly defended himself. "Don't listen to her. I've never done that. She's crazy! A madwoman! If you continue spouting nonsense and accusing me, I'll tear your mouth apart!" "Stay away from her!" Jonathan uttered, casting Nick a warning glance. The latter instantly took a few steps back and hid behind his father like the coward he was. He didn't even dare to point a finger in Jonathan's direction! "Enough, Tanya. Stop talking," Josephine pulled the emotional Tanya into her arms to give her a comforting hug. "He's a b\*stard who deserves to die!" "Josephine..." Tanya burst into tears in her arms. At that sight, the crowd surrounding them couldn't help but shoot daggers at Nick. Nick was quick to deny Tanya's accusations. "Don't listen to her! She must've gone mad to make everything up! None of her words are true!" Nevertheless, no one believed him, for Tanya was sobbing her heart out in public. Before he could say anything else, a loud rumble sounded from afar.

The Legendary Man Chapter 122

Chapter 122 Resisting Arrest

Five police cars were clearing the path for a military truck behind them. Armed soldiers appeared in sight, their expressions grim and terrifying.

The Special Forces are here!

The alarming sight caused the guests to gasp in shock.

"Oh, they are here!" the middle-aged man exclaimed excitedly when he saw the police cars

and military truck. His legs were no longer wobbly as he climbed to his feet and dashed for

the police cars.

"Stop!"

As the middle-aged man blocked the path of the police car, an elderly man clad in the police

uniform alighted from the car. "What is going on, Jack?"

He was unclear about the situation, as the deputy police chief, Jack Tucker, seemed urgent

on the phone.

"Chief Barnstone, there is a terrorist here. Please shoot him right now!"

Jack pleaded. Upon

hearing his request, his superior, Rhett Barnstone, furrowed his brows.

"A dangerous man?"

Where is he?"

"It's him!" Jack pointed at Jonathan without hesitation as a faint gleam of malice shone in

his eyes.

At once, Rhett's expression darkened as an ominous black thundercloud of temper settled

over him. "Jack, is this the dangerous man you've been talking about?"

"Yes, that's right!"

Seeing that Rhett was scowling, Jack promptly explained, "Chief Barnstone, he may be

alone, but he's really lethal. The Police Tactical Unit is no match for him.

He's also a great

marksman! Earlier, he fired shots at me. If I hadn't reacted swiftly, he would've killed me!"

What a shameless man! That was the crowd's first reaction. How dare you claim to have

reacted swiftly? It was Jonathan who spared your life. Otherwise, no matter how swift you

are, you won't be alive now.

“He’s armed?” Rhett’s already dark expression somehow turned even darker at Jack’s words.

“Yes,” Jack reported respectfully with his head bowed. “He took it from a Police Tactical Unit officer!”

“You’re useless!” Rhett glared at Jack, covering the latter in his frosty judgment.

He then turned to a man clad in military uniform behind him and said, “Captain Sharpe, this man is armed and deadly. Please inform your team members to be careful!”

“Got it!” Duncan Sharpe gave a curt nod. He waved and ordered authoritatively, “Everyone, ready your weapons!”

“Yes, Sir!” his men answered in unison.

Following his order, the members of the Special Forces loaded their rifles in a swift manner.

Shortly after, Jonathan became the target of countless rifles.

“J-Jonathan, what should we do?” Tanya’s voice was quavering at the horrifying sight of countless rifles aimed at them. Even her hands were shivering.

Uneasiness clouded her mind at the thought of their impending doom.

“Don’t be scared. They won’t dare to shoot us!” Jonathan assured her, his tone gentle.

He got to his feet and strode over to Rhett and the soldiers. After seeing his action, the Special Forces members promptly put their fingers on the trigger, ready to pull it at any moment.

If the situation wasn’t in their favor, they’d definitely start firing shots at Jonathan.

“You’re Chief Barnstone?” Jonathan queried as he glanced at Rhett.

“Yes, I am!” Rhett acknowledged with a frown. “You wanted to meet me, right? I’m here. If you have something to say, say it now!”

“Tell them to stop pointing their rifles at me. I hate it when others aim their weapons at me,”

Jonathan replied, his brows knitting together in displeasure. The thing I hate most in my entire life is having someone else point a gun at me!

“No! Don’t do that!” Before Rhett could say anything, Jack cut in hastily, “Chief Barnstone, don’t forget he’s armed! He even beat the Police Tactical Unit officers to a pulp earlier!”

“Are you the chief? Or am I the chief? Don’t forget that I’m your superior!” Rhett gave him a fierce stare. He then waved and issued an order. “Put down your guns. Let’s see what he has to say!”

Jack countered weakly, “But he’s extremely dangerous, Chief Barnstone...” His words were cut short by Rhett who exclaimed, “Shut up!” His voice betrayed his annoyance.

“I...” Jack trailed off at the sight of Rhett’s impending wrath.

“An extremely dangerous terrorist? Says who? You?” Jonathan scoffed upon hearing Jack’s comment. “Just because I beat your son up for making a pass at an innocent lady in public, now I’m an extremely dangerous terrorist?”

“What happened?” Rhett demanded as a vortex of anger swirled inside him.

His expression turned as dark as thunder after hearing Jonathan’s account.

“Chief Barnstone, listen to me. He’s nothing but a liar. That didn’t happen!” Jack denied vehemently. “He was the one who worked with the two ladies to seduce Nick to extort money from him! Nick refused to give in, so they beat him up!”

“Wow, I’m amazed by how quick you came up with a lie!” Jonathan sneered.

“Enough, stop with the argument. We can talk at the police station!”

Realizing this would not end anytime soon, Rhett interjected and ordered, “Bring them all back to the police station!”

He looked at Jack and added in a stern manner, "You and your son are coming along, too!"

"Chief Barnstone, I..." Jack's voice faded away when he sensed Rhett giving him a frosty glare.

He clamped his lips together.

"Since you deny being a terrorist, come back to the police station with me. We shall find out

whether you are lying back there!" Rhett told Jonathan.

"What if I refuse to go back with you?" Jonathan enunciated in a cold voice.

"You don't have a choice!" Rhett snorted. "You're guilty of assaulting police officers and resisting arrest, among others. You do realize I can shoot you right here, right?"

"No, I don't!" came Jonathan's icy reply.

"Men, arrest them now. If any of them resist arrest, shoot them dead!"

Ignoring Jonathan's

reply, Rhett announced an order for his subordinates to arrest the ones involved.

"Yes, Sir!"

The police officers stepped forward to carry out his order. Meanwhile, the Special Forces

members raised their rifles and aimed at Jonathan.

"Shoot me dead? Let's see who has the audacity to do so!" Jonathan's gaze turned glacial at

the sight of the soldiers pointing their rifles at him. "Are you from the Special Forces? Which

division are you from? Who gave you the order to abuse your positions together with the

police? Zachary Lint? Or Thierry Cloutier?"

"You know our commanders?" His words caused Duncan to knit his brows in confusion.

After all, both Zachary and Thierry were the commanders of the Special Forces.

Zachary was the supreme commander of the Jazona Military District while Thierry was the

top dog of the Divine Dragon Guards, and his power was only second to that of Zachary in



the Jazona Military District.

Why does it sound like Jonathan knows the both of them?

The Legendary Man Chapter 123

Chapter 123 What Is His Name

“Cut the crap and tell me who issued the order!” Jonathan gave him an impatient look. “I

want to know who made the Special Forces listen to the police’s order!”

The Special Forces were under the jurisdiction of the Jazona Military District, with the Divine

Dragon Guards as their superior.

The Special Forces weren’t under the administration of the police, as both of them were

under different systems.

I’d like to know who gave the order for the Special Forces to join forces with the police and

run amok here! How dare they point their rifles at me?

“No one gave us the order,” Duncan answered. “We came here at Chief Barnstone’s request.”

He couldn’t help but wonder who Jonathan was, for no one in the state of Jazona had the

guts to speak to the Special Forces in such a commanding tone, let alone call Zachary and

Thierry by their names.

“So you acted on your own, huh?” Jonathan said, his expression frigid.

“Call the

person-in-charge of the Special Forces. I would like to ask him how he usually manages

your team! His subordinates have conducted an operation behind his back. He deserves to

be punished. If he can’t provide a satisfactory explanation today, he’ll lose his position as

the person-in-charge of your team!”

I established the Four Asura Guards single-handedly, and the Special Forces fall under the

Four Asura Guards’ jurisdiction. How dare the Special Forces point their rifles at me?

“Nonsense!” Duncan hissed angrily. “What right do you have to order us and our head

around? Who do you think you are?”

“You’ll find out whether I have the right to order you around when you call your head!”

Jonathan didn’t want to waste any more time trying to convince him.

“All right. You are that eager to meet your doom, huh? Let me fulfill your wish!” Duncan then

whipped out his phone to make a call.

How dare he interfere in the Special Forces’ business? He must have a death wish!

Shortly after, a man’s deep voice boomed out from the other end of the line. “Hello?”

Duncan reported, “Commander Cloutier, I am Captain Duncan Sharpe of the Special Forces

Team One—” Before he could finish his sentence, Thierry cut in impatiently, “What is this

about?”

“I ran into a terrorist in a restaurant in Jazona, but he seems to know you and insisted for

me to call you,” Duncan revealed, flashing a sinister grin in Jonathan’s direction.

He knew that Thierry was the grumpiest person in all of Divine Dragon Guards.

As Jonathan dared to order them around, he assumed Thierry would explode in rage.

“Why did you do as told? Are you the captain of Special Forces Team One, or the hostage of

that person? I don’t see you being this obedient during training.” As expected, Thierry flew

into a fit of rage and declared furiously, “Why would you think I’d know a terrorist? If you call

me in the middle of the night next time over such a trivial matter, you’ll have to reflect on

your mistake for a month in a dark room!”

“Yes, Commander Cloutier!” Duncan answered, his hands shaking from being yelled at.

When he was about to hang up, Thierry suddenly asked, “By the way, what is that person’s

name?”

“What is your name?” Duncan repeated his question as he glowered at Jonathan.

“Jonathan Goldstein,” came Jonathan’s calm and collected answer.

“His name is Jonathan Goldstein, Commander Cloutier,” reported Duncan dutifully. Hearing

that, Thierry asked, “What? Come again. What is his name?” His breathing became rapid.

“Jonathan Goldstein,” Duncan answered obediently though he had no idea why Thierry’s

tone had changed all of a sudden.

“Where are you? I’ll be there as soon as possible!” Thierry yelled from the other end of the

line. Without giving a chance for Duncan to speak, he babbled on, “Tell him I’ll be there in

twenty minutes. No, scrap that. Make that ten minutes! I’ll be there in ten minutes!”

“Commander Cloutier—”

“Shut the f\*ck up.” Duncan was cut off once again by a surly Thierry.

“Before I arrive, don’t

lay a hand on him. Otherwise, you shall pay the price!”

Having said that, he hung up on Duncan.

Duncan couldn’t help but gulp at how abruptly the line was disconnected. He forced himself

to calm down as his instincts told him he was in trouble!

“Commander Cloutier said he’ll be here in ten minutes,” Duncan announced.

After pocketing his phone, Duncan scrutinized Jonathan, hoping to find a clue from his

expression. However, to his disappointment, Jonathan’s face was devoid of expression.

He couldn’t figure out anything.

“Then let’s wait for his arrival,” Jonathan answered readily.

Ten minutes later, not a minute more, and not a minute less, a loud rumble was heard in the

far distance.

An olive-green military truck zoomed toward them, weaving through the crowd and ramming

into the restaurant surrounded by plenty of police cars.

A resounding click rang out when the door was opened. Then, a middle-aged man clad in military uniform jumped down from the vehicle.

With his suntanned skin, short hair, and ripped muscles, he looked extremely masculine and powerful, like the military commander he was.

It would only take one glance from him to force one to come to a halt, gripped with the feeling that Grim Reaper was waiting to take one's life. It was clear that this man had been

through many battles since his aura reeked of death and menace.

The murderous aura he exuded was suffocating the surrounding crowd.

"Commander Cloutier!"

As soon as he stepped down from his vehicle, the soldiers saluted him in a respectful manner.

"Commander Cloutier!" Duncan rushed forward to greet him, but the man merely gave him a rude shove.

"Get out of my way! Where is Mr. Goldstein? Where is he?" Thierry demanded in a loud voice.

"Mr. Goldstein?" Duncan looked genuinely baffled. He parted his lips, about to ask who that

was, when his superior's gaze landed on Jonathan. "Is it really you, Mr. Goldstein? I'm not

seeing things, am I?" Thierry asked. He could barely believe that Jonathan was standing

before him.

Am I dreaming? It has been a year since I last met him!

Yes, Thierry had not met Jonathan for a whole year. After defeating the enemies and

restoring peace to the world, he had disappeared from sight. No one had seen him ever since.

The undefeatable Asura, who had led the Four Asura Guards to crush all their enemies, was

no longer seen in public.

The Legendary Man Chapter 124

## Chapter 124 Get To Your Knees

“You’re not seeing things,” Jonathan answered, giving the incredulous Thierry an impassive look. “It’s me!”

“Mr. Goldstein!”

In a flash, Thierry’s eyes reddened as he fell to his knees before Jonathan with a resounding thud.

“Greetings, Sir! Thierry Cloutier of the Divine Dragon Guards in the Jazona Military District at your service!”

I’ve not seen Asura for a whole year! Some said he lost his life on the battlefield, and some said he retired and is living in seclusion in the mountains. Since his retirement, he has stopped interfering in worldly affairs. I never believed any of those rumors!

Indeed, Thierry had never believed in those rumors, as Asura had single-handedly led them to conquer the world. Someone as strong as Asura wouldn’t have died on the battlefield.

He found all the rumors absurd.

The sight of him getting on his knees stunned everyone into silence. Everyone blinked in disbelief, especially Duncan and his subordinates. They wondered if they were seeing things.

Are we hallucinating? Is the top dog of the Divine Dragon Guards, the second in command in the Jazona Military District, who is only a rank below the King of War, kneeling before a young man in his twenties? How is this possible? He has never even knelt before the King of War!

“Remain on your knees,” Jonathan ordered in a glacial tone. “Look what the Special Forces have turned into under your lead. They have the guts to point their rifles at me!”

“What?” Thierry’s eyes opened wide in shock. “T-They pointed their guns at you?”

They must be crazy! Bunch of insolent fools! How dare they point their rifles at Asura? It will

only take one punch from Asura to wipe them out!

“Who the f\*ck pointed their guns at Mr. Goldstein? Come out right now!” Thierry turned at

his shoulder, his gaze spitting fire. He didn’t bother concealing his rage.

“Commander Cloutier, that would be me. I was the one who issued the order.” Duncan had

no choice but to step out and own up to his mistake.

After all, he was the one who had brought his men here and ordered them to aim their

weapons at Jonathan.

There was no one else to blame.

“You gave the order? How dare you?” Thierry shot Duncan a hostile look before whipping out

a gun from his waist and aiming it at Duncan’s head. “I could shoot you in your head right

now!”

Duncan instantly broke out in a cold sweat at Thierry’s sudden action.

“Commander

Cloutier...”

He knew Thierry would fire the shot, being the irritable man he was.

If Commander Cloutier flies into a fit of rage, he’ll shoot me without hesitation!

“Commander Cloutier, it’s a misunderstanding,” Duncan hastily explained, his face drained of

color. “It was Chief Barnstone who called me and requested for the Special Forces’ help to

capture a terrorist. I only deployed the troops under his request.”

“Utter nonsense! Mr. Goldstein isn’t a terrorist!” Thierry bellowed angrily. He was so fuming

mad that he nearly shot his foolish subordinate.

It was Jonathan Goldstein who led the Four Asura Guards to conquer and unite Chanaea.

How could he be a terrorist?

“I-I didn’t know the terrorist they accused was Mr. Goldstein,” Duncan answered. His eyes reddened. As the captain of the Special Forces Team One, he had never been yelled at harshly. Alas, he dared not talk back to Thierry. “I’ll teach you a lesson when we get back!” Thierry declared, pinning him with a withering look. He then turned to Jonathan and asked carefully, “M-Mr. Goldstein, may I know what happened here?” “What do you think?” Jonathan gave him a chilly look. “Why are you asking me the reason the Divine Dragon Guards are pointing their guns in my direction? Thierry, if I’m not satisfied with the way you deal with this situation, you’ll lose your position as the commander of the Divine Dragon Guards! Pack your stuff and scram.”

Thierry apologized without missing a beat. “I’m really sorry, Mr. Goldstein. It was my fault for not keeping an eye on them. I’m willing to accept any kind of punishment!” He dared not defend himself, for it was indeed his negligence. There was no need to explain any further. He was ready to be punished. “Cut the crap. I’ll give you ten minutes to deal with this. I don’t have time to waste!” Jonathan threw him a frosty glare. Without further delay, Thierry rose to his feet and strode over to Rhett. “Chief Barnstone, I deserve to know the truth.” “Commander Cloutier, could we take this to the police station?” came Rhett’s reply. His expression had turned dark, for it felt humiliating to be questioned by Thierry in public. “No!” Thierry rejected him at once. “Didn’t you hear Mr. Goldstein? I only have ten minutes. Just tell me what happened!”

"I..." Rhett trailed off, his cheeks burning with embarrassment.

"Commander Cloutier, even if you're the person-in-charge of the Divine Dragon Guards, you have no right to question me.

The police and Divine Dragon Guards are under different jurisdiction systems!"

"Oh? I have no right to question you?" Thierry's lips were set in a hard line as his expression

contorted into one of anger. "I shall show you who's the boss here!"

Having said that, he gave a terse order. "Men, bring them back to our base!"

"Yes, Sir!"

The soldiers charged forward to capture them as told.

They paid no heed to Rhett's and Jack's position—the police chief and deputy police

chief—as they were bound by duty to obey all commands.

"Commander Cloutier, what is this?" Rhett's expression clouded over at Thierry's command.

"What right do the Divine Dragon Guards have to arrest me?"

"Don't give me that crap! I will give you one last chance. Will you, or will you not spill the

truth?" Thierry warned in a menacing tone.

Even if Kingstone Warhol is here, I'll arrest him for offending Mr.

Goldstein, let alone Rhett

Barnstone, who's just the police chief.

"I'll reveal everything!" Gnashing his teeth, Rhett forced himself to swallow the humiliation.

"Commander Cloutier, I will report this to the governor, Kingstone Warhol!"

"Whatever," came Thierry's nonchalant answer. "You have one minute left!"

"Jack, you tell him what happened," Rhett said, turning at his shoulder.

Glaring at Jack, he

couldn't help but curse the former inwardly for causing all the trouble.

It was all Jack's fault that I've been humiliated in front of a crowd.

"I received a call that some people were engaged in a fight here. The person who made the



call even got his hand broken by the culprit. That was why I brought the Police Tactical Unit here to arrest the culprit,” Jack answered as a muscle in his jaw twitched. Until now, he insisted on putting the blame on Jonathan. “After I arrived, instead of cooperating, the culprit resisted arrest and assaulted us. He even took the gun from one Police Tactical Unit officer and fired shots in my direction as a form of warning!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 125  
Chapter 125 Do Not Ask Questions  
“Utter bullsh\*t!” Thierry roared, cutting Jack’s explanation short. “Resisting arrest? What right do the police have to arrest Mr. Goldstein? Who gave you the right to do that?”  
“He beat someone up, so the police have the right to arrest him!” Jack insisted.

As long as I insist it was Jonathan who took action first, I have a chance to survive the ordeal! Otherwise, things are going to end badly.  
“Cut the crap. I’m going to ask you one last time. What happened?” Thierry demanded impatiently. How dare he claim that Mr. Goldstein was involved in a fight? No one will believe that. Plenty of lives had perished in the hands of Asura over the years! If he wants someone dead, that person will not have the chance to call the police, for he’ll kill that person without even blinking!  
“I’m warning you, Tucker. Do you know the consequences of lying to me?” Thierry asked in a warning tone.  
“I wasn’t lying!” Jack refused to cave in.  
“So you refuse to spill the truth, huh?” Thierry didn’t want to waste more time here and promptly raised his voice. “Men, bring him back!”  
“Yes, Sir!”

The soldiers swarmed around Jack and tied him up before dragging him to the military truck. He didn't even have the opportunity to protest! "Thierry Cloutier, I will report this matter to the governor! You're doomed!" Rhett hollered angrily at the sight of Jack being brought into the military truck. Jack's the deputy police chief. If Thierry arrests him before me, this will be a black mark in my career! How am I supposed to go out and face the world after this embarrassing situation? Alas, Thierry paid him no heed. Right then, Duncan, who hadn't said anything for a while, spoke up, "Commander Cloutier, don't forget this person!" He was pointing at Nick. "Who is he?" Thierry furrowed his brows.

"Jack Tucker's son," Duncan explained. He glared at Nick, who had paled visibly at his accusation. "It was he who called the police. Mr. Goldstein only beat him up after he made a pass at innocent young ladies." "Captain Sharpe, how could you?" Rhett scowled unhappily. "Don't blame me, Chief Barnstone. It was your deputy police chief who went overboard," Duncan answered, his voice dripping with disdain. "I'm not a fool to side with them now. My experience came in handy. Even the top dog of the Divine Dragon Guards is bowing to Jonathan. A deputy police chief is nothing!" "He was the one who called the police?" Thierry frowned. He looked at Nick and exclaimed, "Young man, you've got the guts to make a pass at innocent young ladies in public, huh? Bring him back!" "Yes, Sir!" The soldiers promptly marched forward to carry out his order. "Y-You can't arrest me!" Nick's face went pale at the sight of the soldiers coming for him.

“What right do you have to arrest me? I did nothing wrong!”  
“We’ll find out whether you commit a crime back at the military base,”  
Thierry concluded,  
rolling his eyes in exasperation.  
“Let me go! You can’t arrest me!” Nick tried to free himself, but his  
slender figure was no  
match for the Special Forces members. A panicky look took over his face  
as he experienced  
a qualm of unease.  
Bam! Someone kicked him in the stomach, and he instantly stopped  
struggling.  
“Mr. Goldstein, rest assured that I’ll make sure the matter is dealt with  
in a satisfactory way!”  
After Nick was dragged out, Thierry came over to Jonathan carefully.  
Jonathan grunted in response and bobbed his head slightly. “If I’m not  
satisfied with the  
solution, you will pack up and leave the Divine Dragon Guards!”

“Understood, Mr. Goldstein!” came Thierry’s answer.  
He then looked at Jonathan hesitantly before blurting out, “Mr.  
Goldstein, where have you  
been for the past year?”  
After peace was restored to the world, Jonathan had disappeared  
without a trace.  
No matter how hard he and his comrades had tried, they simply couldn’t  
find any clue about  
his whereabouts.  
The military was capable of finding any information they wanted in the  
world, but even after  
they resorted to using the military satellites and other means, Jonathan  
remained  
mysteriously missing.  
It was as if he had disappeared from the surface of the Earth.  
“Don’t ask questions you shouldn’t be asking.” Jonathan glowered at  
him. Thierry took a  
step back in response to his sudden outburst and zipped his mouth shut.  
Seeing his  
reaction, Jonathan added, “If you’re that free, discipline the Divine  
Dragon Guards! If I see

the Divine Dragon Guards helping the police without reason, then there's no need for them to exist anymore!"

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!" Thierry replied, his face blanching in horror. If the Divine Dragon Guards is disbanded because of my negligence, Zachary will definitely skin me alive!

"Also, I think Rhett Barnstone doesn't deserve to be the police chief," Jonathan said calmly.

He cast a glance at Rhett, who was standing some distance away. "Tell Kingstone to pick another candidate for the position. If he asks about it, tell him that it was my decision!"

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!" Thierry stood at attention at once.

"You can scam now!" Jonathan gave a dismissive wave as though he were chasing a fly away.

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein. I shall scam now!" Thierry gave him a salute before turning to face the soldiers.

"You're dismissed!" he commanded.

Following his order, the Special Forces members filed into the vehicle orderly. A loud roar echoed in the air as the engine roared to life, and the military truck drove away, leaving a trail of dust in its wake.

Right after the military truck left the scene, Duncan, who was in the passenger seat, cast a curious look in Thierry's direction. "Commander Cloutier, may I know who is Mr. Goldstein?

Why do you respect him so much?"

In fact, that was too mild a description.

Before Jonathan, Thierry was so obsequious and acted as docile as a lamb, just like how

Duncan acted before Zachary.

It was clear that he feared Jonathan.

Even when Thierry met with Zachary at the military base, he wasn't this servile.

“Watch your mouth. Don’t go asking about something you shouldn’t be.” Thierry shot Duncan a glare, shutting him up. “When we return to the base, lock yourself up in the dark room for a month. Bring your subordinates who joined you on this operation, too. Remember to keep today’s incident a secret. If any of you leak it out, you’ll be punished for leaking a military secret!”

“Understood, Commander Cloutier!”

Comprehension dawned, and Duncan’s face paled. The punishment for leaking a military secret is being shot to death!

## The Legendary Man Chapter 126

### Chapter 126 Do You Believe That I Am Asura

At the entrance of the restaurant, the police cars and military trucks were nowhere to be seen.

The Police Tactical Unit officers and Rhett had sneaked away silently when Jack and Nick were dragged away.

The remaining spectators simply stared at the scene in confusion. That’s it? Didn’t they say Jonathan is a terrorist? Even the Special Forces were deployed, but the deputy police chief ended up being arrested. Even Commander Thierry Cloutier, who seems to be a powerful military figure, went on his knees before Jonathan.

“Let’s go!”

As Nick had been arrested, it was time for them to leave. Jonathan didn’t like the crowd staring at him as though he were an animal in a zoo.

“Okay!” Josephine nodded.

She patted Tanya’s back comfortingly. “It’s all right now, Tanya. Don’t be afraid. Nick has been arrested! No one can harm you now.”

Nick had disturbed Tanya greatly. She was still shivering, her head buried in Josephine’s embrace.

“How is that possible? Nick has been arrested?” Tanya raised her head and sputtered in disbelief. “Isn’t his father the deputy police chief? Who would dare to arrest him?”

“A deputy police chief can’t call the shots in Jazona,” Jonathan answered, casting her a nonchalant look. “If you don’t believe us, look around you. Is Nick still here?”

Hearing his words, Tanya instinctively searched the area for Nick’s figure. However, he was nowhere to be seen.

Oh? Even the police and police cars have left the scene!

“I-Is he arrested for real?” Tanya asked, her eyes widened incredulously.

“Yes, of course!” Jonathan gave a firm nod. “You no longer have to be afraid of him. He’ll

never dare to lay a finger on you from now on!”

“W-Will he be released tomorrow after being locked up for a day?”

Tanya couldn’t quite

believe that her wish had come true.

“Of course not!” Jonathan shook his head. “Even if he runs into you in the future, he’ll

definitely stay out of your way!”

“Are you sure?” Uncertainty flickered in Tanya’s eyes. No one could blame her for reacting

this way, as she had lived in fear of Nick for the past couple of years.

But today, Jonathan had pulled her out of her nightmare.

“Why would I lie to you?” Jonathan asked with a chuckle. “You can ask Josephine. There’s

no way I’ll lie to my wife.”

“Josephine...” Tanya turned to look at Josephine, her eyes betraying her anxiety.

“It’s true. He is telling the truth!” Though Josephine was full of questions, she suppressed

the urge to ask them now. Instead, she gave Tanya’s head a gentle pat.

“That b\*stard has

just been arrested. Don’t worry!”

“It’s true. You’re not lying! That b\*stard has been arrested! Nick has been arrested!” Tears

welled up in Tanya's eyes as the truth sank in.

It took her some time to calm down and force back her tears. She swung around to look at Jonathan and said, "Jonathan, I-I'm really sorry to have caused trouble for you!"

The deputy police chief's son had been arrested. Jonathan must be in deep trouble!

"It's no biggie," Jonathan answered with a casual wave of his hand. "All right. You should wipe your tears. People are staring."

"Huh?" Suddenly, the enormity of what she had just done fully dawned on her.

People are watching us!

In a panic, she wiped her tears with the back of her hands and jolted to her feet. When she

stood up, Jonathan told the owner of the restaurant, "The bill, please."

"It's fine!" the owner answered respectfully. "Your meal is on me!"

Clearly, he dared not

accept any payment from Jonathan.

"I don't like owing favors." Jonathan gave the owner an apathetic look.

"How much is it?"

"You don't have to pay—" Before the owner could finish his sentence, Jonathan interjected

coolly, "Do you want your restaurant to close down?"

"I..." the owner trailed off, at a loss for words.

"How much is it?" Jonathan repeated, a hint of impatience in his voice.

"O-One hundred and twenty-five..." the owner stammered. Right when Jonathan was about

to pay for their meal, Tanya cut in, "Let me pay. I want to thank you for helping me out

today."

Before Jonathan could say no, she swiftly paid the bill.

"Fine, then." Jonathan couldn't be bothered to argue with her. "Where are you staying? I'll

give you a ride!"

“It’s all right. I want to take a walk alone,” Tanya rejected his offer. She needed some time to

forget about the trauma that had haunted her for years.

“Are you going to be all right alone?” Josephine asked, concern evident in her voice.

“I’m fine!” Tanya gave her a cheeky wink and beamed happily. “I’m already an adult. You, on

the other hand, must stop bullying Jonathan! If I find out you bullied him, I’ll fly to

Jadeborough and avenge him!”

She waved her fists about as she spoke.

As Tanya seemed to be in a good mood, Josephine didn’t press on. It was late, and she

wanted to get home as soon as possible.

“We’ll be off then.”

Both Jonathan and Josephine walked toward the fiery red Lamborghini.

“Remember to call me when you get back home!” Tanya made a gesture with her hand.

“Okay!” Nodding, Josephine slipped into the passenger seat.

Following the roar of an engine, the fiery red Lamborghini sped off, leaving a cloud of dust

behind.

When they were finally alone in the car, Josephine immediately asked a question that had

been niggling at her mind. “How many more secrets have you been keeping from me?”

Ever since Jonathan appeared after disappearing for three years, he seemed to be harboring

a lot of secrets.

The sight of Andrew Morsley greeting him as commander popped up in her mind.

Even Graham Cabot, the chairman of Graham Group, was extremely submissive before him.

The Blackwood family, who was the forerunner among the four prominent families in

Jadeborough, was banished from this city with a single word from him!

Furthermore, the

most ruthless man in Jadeborough who has connections with the police and the



underworld, Harrison Seymour, fell to his knees before him like a servant and gave up the ecological park development project worth billions following his order.

Even Randall

Swindell, the mayor of Jadeborough who rules the entire city, was all cautious before him as

though on pins and needles! Today, the top dog of the Divine Dragon Guards, Thierry

Cloutier, had to get on his knees and address him as Mr. Goldstein politely.

What the hell happened in the past three years? How many secrets have Jonathan kept from me?

It dawned on her that she had no idea what Jonathan had gone through for the past three years.

“You don’t know a lot of things about me,” came Jonathan’s answer. He shot Josephine a

lukewarm look and asked, “If I told you I’m Asura, will you believe me?”

The Legendary Man Chapter 127

Chapter 127 Trust

“Jonathan, be serious!” Josephine couldn’t resist giving him the side-eye.

“Look, I knew you wouldn’t believe me!” Jonathan chuckled at the sight of Josephine’s

furrowed brows. “I told you before, right? Three years ago, Zachary and I went on a

conquest. That was when I met Thierry. Back then, he was just an ordinary soldier. Later, I

suggested to Zachary that he was capable of taking charge of the Divine Dragon Guards,

and Zachary took in my suggestion. Thus, he owed me a favor.”

What Jonathan said was true, to some extent.

When he first got to know Thierry, the latter was indeed an ordinary soldier. However, it

wasn’t he who made that suggestion; it was Zachary who suggested for Thierry to lead the

Divine Dragon Guards.

Jonathan was the one who established Four Asura Guards, so without his approval, Thierry wouldn't get to lead the Divine Dragon Guards.

"Really?" Josephine cast him a doubtful look.

If Thierry Cloutier owed Jonathan a favor, why would he get down on his knees before

Jonathan?

"Why would I lie to you?" Jonathan chuckled and ran a finger over Josephine's nose

affectionately. "Darling, it'll be midnight when we get home. Why don't we stay out for

tonight?"

"Where should we go, then?" Josephine's brow furrowed as she gave him a surveying look.

"The hotel, of course!" Jonathan cleared his throat in embarrassment.

"It'll be late when we

get back home. Everyone else must be asleep. What if we wake them up?

We can get a

room at the hotel and share the same bed."

"Are you sure you don't want to disturb them?" Josephine rolled her eyes in exasperation.

It was clear what Jonathan had in mind.

"Of course," Jonathan answered. "If you don't trust me, we can have separate blankets. How

does that sound?"

"It's a bad idea!" Josephine retorted, glowering at him. "Let's head back home. I need to

head to Graham Group tomorrow to take over the ecological park development project!"

"Aren't you going to give it a second thought?" Jonathan urged, refusing to give up that

easily.

"Nope!" Josephine answered.

She shut her eyes, not wanting to spare Jonathan a second look.

An hour later, the car rolled to a stop before No. 1 Villa.

In the dark, Josephine shut the door to her room with a huge bang and even locked the door

without hesitation.

Hearing the click of the lock, Jonathan couldn't help but let out a helpless sigh.

Why does she insist on locking the door when she's asleep? Doesn't she trust me?

The night went by in the blink of an eye.

When Jonathan woke up in the morning, Josephine was nowhere to be seen.

He saw Emmeline sitting on the couch in the living room, engrossed in a drama playing on

the TV. As usual, Margaret's arms were akimbo as she ordered Connor around. It looked as

though Connor was a help instead of her husband!

"You're so stupid. Don't you know how to mop the floor? Look at you, old fool! Your

existence only serves to waste food. What a useless idiot!"

It was early in the morning, but Margaret was already running on sheer anger. She pointed at

Connor and was reprimanding him harshly, but the latter merely bowed without saying a

word.

As for Emmeline, it seemed that she was oblivious to her father's plight.

She lowered her head and scrolled her phone casually, occasionally

taking a few glances at

the TV. Obviously, she was used to her parents' frequent fighting.

Jonathan's brows knitted together in displeasure at the sight.

He then strode out of the mansion.

"What are you looking at?" As Connor was staring at Jonathan's

retreating figure, Margaret

pulled his ear in fury. "If you were capable enough of buying a sports car and a mansion just

like Jonathan, I wouldn't have to yell at you every other day! Both of you are losers, but why

did he get this lucky? How did he get to know the King of War?"

To Margaret, Jonathan merely got lucky to get to know the King of War.

Without Zachary's

support, he would be a nobody.

He's just the Smith family's live-in son-in-law!

After leaving No. 1 Villa, Jonathan gave Graham a call. Shortly after, the call was connected.

"Mr. Goldstein," Graham greeted from the other end of the line.

"Are you still in Jadeborough?" Jonathan inquired.

"Yes, I am still here. Do you need me, Mr. Goldstein?" There was a hint of delight in Graham's

voice. I can't believe he's calling me personally!

"Pick a place for us to meet up and talk," Jonathan said. He had agreed for Graham Group to

work together with the Smith family on the ecological park project, so he needed to inform

Graham about it.

Though Graham Group now belonged to him, Graham was the one who was managing the

company.

"I'm currently in a café in the city. Should I send my driver to pick you up?

Or should I come

to you?" Graham asked in a low voice.

"Give me the address. I'll head there now."

Hanging up the phone, Graham sent Jonathan the address of the café.

Jonathan hailed a

taxi and headed for the café in the city.

The café Graham was at wasn't in the city center. In fact, it was in a tiny alley, a tad

secluded.

It would be impossible to notice the café if one didn't pay enough attention to it.

"Mr. Goldstein!"

When Jonathan alighted from the taxi, Graham was already waiting for him in front of the café.

"Why did you pick such a secluded location?" Jonathan gave him a curious look before

glancing at the signage.

Twinkle Café? That's a nice name.

"I wanted to be away from the bustling city," Graham replied with an awkward smile.

After they walked into the café, Jonathan realized it was pretty empty.

There weren't many customers inside. However, the decorations in the café gave it a warm and romantic atmosphere. It was obvious that the owner was a young girl. "This café is usually empty. There aren't many customers here!" Graham led Jonathan in while introducing the café to him. "But the owner is nice. Not only is she pretty, but she's also an amiable person! She also loves reading books." "Oh? Looks like you're not here for the coffee. Are you here to court her?" Jonathan glanced at him. Reading books? Stop the act. It's pretty obvious he's here for the owner! "Well..." Graham coughed as his smile turned more awkward. "Mr. Goldstein, don't tease me. I'm not that young. Why would I court her?" "Enough of your pretense. I'm not interested in your love life!" Jonathan declared. Seeing how embarrassed Graham was, he went straight to the topic. "I want to talk about the collaboration between Graham Group and the Smith family!" "Oh, please go ahead, Mr. Goldstein." Graham's expression turned somber at the mention of business. Right after he uttered those words, the door to their private room was pushed open.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 128

### Chapter 128 A Trap

Subsequently, a woman in a long, white dress walked in. She appeared rather young, seemingly in her twenties. Her long hair was casually draped over her shoulders, rendering her very much elegant. "Can I get your friend a drink, Mr. Cabot?" The woman merely stood by the door tactfully without disrupting them. Hearing that, Graham turned to Jonathan. "What drink would you like to have, Mr. Goldstein?" "Just plain water will do," Jonathan answered casually.

He didn't really like stimulating beverages such as coffee and the like. "Sure." The woman nodded in acknowledgment. Just when she was about to push open the door, she inadvertently caught a glimpse of Jonathan's countenance. For a moment, she fell into a trance and reflexively called out to him, "Boss?"

Boss?

That address brought Jonathan back to four years ago in a flash. It's been years since I've last heard anyone addressing me thus. When he glanced over his shoulder to look at the woman, a glimmer of surprise flashed across his eyes. "Willow? Why are you here?"

"It's really you, Boss." The woman, Willow Yandall, was finally convinced that she hadn't gotten the wrong person after Jonathan recognized her. "The two of you are acquainted?" Graham was surprised when he saw that Jonathan turned out to be acquainted with the owner of the café. Considering his identity, why would he be acquainted with the owner of a modest café?

"Yeah." Jonathan nodded in affirmation. "She used to be an employee of mine, but my company later went bankrupt and even owed a ton of debts. After issuing them their last paycheck, I've never seen any of them anymore."

Willow was an employee of the company he had started during his business venture four years ago, but he had lost contact with her after going bankrupt. I never expected to bump into her here!

"You had a company?" Shock was written all over Graham's face. He even had a company, and it even went bankrupt? This sounds just like a fantasy!

"Yup." Jonathan nodded nonchalantly before shifting his gaze back to Willow. "Oh yes, I remember that you went back to your hometown then, didn't you? How did you come to open a café instead?"

“Well, I wanted to go back to my hometown back then, but my parents pressured me to get married as soon as I returned. In a fit of pique, I left and started a business with tens of thousands.” Recalling the past, Willow couldn’t help sighing. “Alas, I’m not suited to business. It’s been four years, yet I can’t even get my café off the ground. After so many years, it’s still half-dead. If it weren’t for Mr. Cabot patronizing this café every so often, I’m afraid that it would’ve gone bankrupt a long time ago!” As she said that, she cast Graham a grateful look. “I just like the environment here.” Slight embarrassment crept up Graham’s features.

“Ah, let’s not talk about this anymore. After having not seen you for such a long time, Boss, I thought you’d left Jadeborough.” Willow couldn’t help pinning her gaze on Jonathan.

Back then, he was exceedingly successful. He was just in his twenties, but he helmed a company with a few hundred employees and managed to propel the company’s market value to a hundred million in just a year! If it weren’t for that incident back then, his company wouldn’t have gone bankrupt and owed a shedload of debts, forcing him to leave Jadeborough in a cloud of disgrace!

“I did leave Jadeborough, but I came back.” Jonathan gazed out the window in melancholy as his thoughts drifted.

If it weren’t for my company going bankrupt back then and people hunting me down, I wouldn’t have broken into the military camp by accident. And in turn, I wouldn’t have obtained the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique by coincidence and became Asura who dominated the world!

“T-Then, did you meet Tavion when you came back this time?” Willow inquired in a mere whisper.

“Tavion?” Upon hearing that name, Jonathan’s expression changed drastically. “Isn’t Tavion gone?”

Tavion Callahan was none other than Jonathan’s business partner when he started his company.

Back then, it was because he was duped into signing a bad contract that the company went bankrupt and owed a slew of debts. After the company went under, he disappeared

mysteriously without any news. One day, his family told me that he had committed suicide and even left me a suicide note! In it, he apologized to me and promised to repay me a

hundredfold in the next life. Later, I even attended his funeral, giving his family the few tens of thousands that were my entire fortune. After doing so, I only had a little over a hundred

left! But from the sound of her remark, it seems that Tavion is still alive?

“Didn’t you know?” Willow gaped at him with astonishment etched on her face when she

heard that. “Back then, I thought he had passed on as well. Later, however, I heard that not

only is he alive, but his business is also flourishing! Rumor has it that his net worth has long since gone beyond billions!”

“Who did you hear that from?” Jonathan’s gaze abruptly went cold.

Tavion is still alive? How is that possible? I saw his casket lowered into the ground with my own eyes during the funeral back then!

“A lot of people said that...” Willow cautiously stole a glance at him.

“Besides, I even saw his

interview in the newspaper some time ago. Wait a moment, Boss! I’ll go and find it for you.”

After saying that, she hurriedly left the private room.



Soon, she came back with a newspaper and handed it to Jonathan. “Look, Boss, isn’t this

Tavion Callahan?”

Sure enough, it was Tavion.

Although he had changed quite a bit compared to four years ago,

Jonathan still recognized

him at a single glance, no matter the changes.

“It’s really him!”

A layer of frost blanketed Jonathan’s gaze.

On the newspaper were the words: The newest billionaire in the

province with a net worth of

three billion, one of the ten most outstanding men in Jazona, the

trailblazer of the times!

His gaze was chilly as he stared at the introduction of Tavion as well as

the photo of him in

a suit and tie in the newspaper, so much so that he seemed moments

away from

committing murder.

So he faked his death! I never expected someone to actually imitate the

plot of those lousy

and ridiculous television dramas and act it out for me in real life! All

these years, I never

once suspected him even though it was because of him that the

company went bankrupt

then!

At the sight of the man who was supposed to have committed suicide

four years ago alive

and kicking, he couldn’t control the murderous fury that surged within

him that very moment

despite having gone to battle everywhere and was no stranger to

bloodshed. After all, not

only was the man accepting interviews from various media outlets, but

he was doing so well

that his net worth had exceeded three billion.

From the look of things, the bad contract back then wasn’t a trap dug for

him but especially

for me!

“A-Are you okay, Boss?” Fear instantly struck Willow at the wintry look in his eyes.

Good Lord! It’s really terrifying! In all my years, I’ve never seen such a petrifying gaze! It’s as though he’s looking at a person whose death is inevitable instead of a living human!

“I’m fine.” Blithely tossing the newspaper onto the table, Jonathan turned his gaze to her.

“Do you know where he is? I’d like to pay him a visit.”

The Legendary Man Chapter 129

Chapter 129 I Was The Villain

“If I’m not mistaken, he’s in Jazona.” Willow again studied Jonathan warily. “Boss, is there some conflict between you and Tavion?”

From the look in Jonathan’s eyes, she could distinctly sense that the man was livid.

“No. I just want to know the truth about the incident back then!”

Jonathan replied coldly.

I don’t care about the hundred million loss suffered by the company back when it went

bankrupt. Even a billion is just a number to me today, much less a hundred million. I only

want to know whether the incident back then was a trap he’d laid for me by colluding with

someone else! The thing I detest most in my life is betrayal, especially when the person who

betrayed me was someone I once trusted most!

“Should I have someone investigate his address, Mr. Goldstein?”

Graham seemed to have

perceived something from his words. It wasn’t just Willow, for even he felt a shiver running

down his spine at the man’s frosty gaze.

“Yeah.” Jonathan nodded. “I want the answer as soon as possible.”

“Okay. I’ll have someone investigate it right away!” When Graham had said that, he picked up

his phone and made a call without a second’s delay. “Luke, please investigate someone for

me. His name is Tavion Callahan, and he's the chairman of Tavion Group. Investigate his company and also his address. You only have ten minutes. Is that clear?" While he hadn't been in Chanaea much in recent years, his influence in Jazona wasn't to be underestimated.

After all, Graham Group had mushroomed all over Jazona a few years ago.

Although he had been abroad in the past few years, and his influence was no longer as substantial as before, it was still a piece of cake for him to investigate someone.

"There'll be news very soon, Mr. Goldstein." Graham looked at Jonathan after hanging up the phone.

"Great," Jonathan said. "By the way, where were we earlier?"

He initially wanted to talk to Graham about the collaboration with the Smith family but was unexpectedly interrupted by Willow.

"We were talking about the ecological park project," Graham replied.

"Ah, yes!" In an even voice, Jonathan continued, "I've already told Harrison to hand the

ecological park project to the Smith family and have them handle it.

However, the Smith

family doesn't have a real estate firm or a construction team. When the time comes, send

someone over to discuss the details with them. In other words, Graham Group will be

collaborating with the Smith family on the ecological park project.

They'll be responsible for

the specific plan and design, while you'll be supplying the manpower and advancing the funds."

"Sure! Whatever you say, Mr. Goldstein!" Graham hastily nodded, having no objections at all.

Ultimately, Graham Group belonged to Jonathan, and he was merely managing it on his behalf.

As such, he naturally had to go along with Jonathan's orders.  
"Send someone experienced to work with the Smith family. They have no experience in real estate, so you've got to keep a close eye on things," Jonathan reminded once more.

He was worried that something might go wrong since Josephine had never been a general manager or had any experience in real estate.

"Don't worry, Mr. Goldstein! If anything happens, I'll personally seek you out and apologize!"

Graham reassured with a chuckle.

Jonathan nodded in response. No sooner had Graham's words fallen than his phone rang.

"Hello?"

"You've gotten his information?"

"Okay, got it."

After a few brief utterances, Graham hung up the phone and turned his gaze to Jonathan.

"Mr. Goldstein, it's confirmed that Tavion Callahan is currently living in No. 10 Villa, Ataraxy Heights. His company is located in Tavion Tower. Rumor has it that he spent more than a billion to construct the building."

"Tavion Tower, huh?" Hearing the location, Jonathan casually lit a cigarette. "That's quite a nice name. I just wonder how his building that cost over a billion looks like."

Four years ago, he went bankrupt with me and owed a ton of debts. That aside, he was even hunted down by his debtors! But in the blink of an eye, he has now become a billionaire after

four years and has spent more than a billion to construct Tavion Tower! Recalling how I foolishly gave his family the tens of thousands I had left during his funeral back then, even I find myself pathetic!

"Should I handle this matter for you, Mr. Goldstein?" There was no way Graham couldn't tell

that the person named Tavion had angered the man.

“No, thanks. I’ll handle it myself!” Getting to his feet, Jonathan reminded, “Don’t forget about everything I told you just now.”

Having said that, he strode away.

“I’ll drive you, Mr. Goldstein!” Graham hurriedly followed him out.

“No, it’s okay,” Jonathan declined placidly.

The moment he stepped out of the café, a chill entered his eyes without warning.

A few minutes later, he hailed a taxi and headed to Jazona.

When the taxi driver heard that he was going to Tavion Tower, he couldn’t help glancing at

Jonathan and inquiring, “Are you working at Tavion Tower, lad?”

“No.”

Jonathan shook his head.

“Ah, my mistake, then!” Flashing him a smile, the taxi driver gushed, “Let me tell you

something. The owner of Tavion Tower is incredible! I heard that he’s only in his twenties,

but he already has a net worth of several billion. Also, I heard that the construction of Tavion

Tower alone cost over a billion! Say, how could he be so capable when he’s so young?”

Several billion was an astronomical sum to a taxi driver, and he didn’t even dare imagine

having that much money.

“You’re quite well-informed,” Jonathan commented in a detached voice.

“Of course!” Chortling, the taxi driver continued, “I even heard that he used to have a

business in Jadeborough. Sometime later, his business partner was tricked into signing a

bad contract, leading to the company’s bankruptcy. It was also rumored that it was because

of his business partner that he became riddled with debts! If it weren’t for his resilience that

he pulled through, that business partner of his would’ve doomed him long ago! To my way

of thinking, he's really something else! Not only did he pay off all his debts, but he even started from scratch and created Tavion Group with a market value of several billion! If my son is half as capable as him, I wouldn't be still driving a taxi on the streets at this age!"

As he spoke of Tavion, the envy on his face was plainly visible. Conversely, Jonathan's expression turned all the colder when he heard the taxi driver's

effusive spiel. "Where did you hear that?"

Tavion's business partner sabotaged him and even got him riddled with debts? Later, he

even paid off the debts resiliently? In other words, I was the villain who caused the company

to go bankrupt back then and even left a pile of debts in my wake?

The Legendary Man Chapter 130

Chapter 130 There Are Two Options

"I heard it from the owner of Tavion Tower! I even watched his interview on television last

year or the year before, and he said it himself!" the taxi driver answered airily.

Ah, he said it himself, huh?

Upon hearing that, Jonathan couldn't help sneering.

How shameless of him to speak of the matter back then! That aside, he even made himself

the victim and me into the villain who caused him to go bankrupt!

"Are you going to Tavion Tower to interview for a job, lad?" The taxi driver didn't notice

Jonathan's wintry expression and continued chatting with him. "I heard that the

requirements for a job there are pretty high. You've got at least a bachelor's degree, yes?"

"I'm going there to pay the owner of Tavion Tower, Tavion Callahan, himself a visit!"

Jonathan admitted in a curt voice.

"You're acquainted with him?" Surprise manifested on the taxi driver's face when he heard

that Jonathan was acquainted with the owner of Tavion Tower.

His countenance is plain, and he doesn't appear to be some rich man. I never expected him to be acquainted with the owner of Tavion Tower!

"Yes." Snickering, Jonathan drawled, "I'm the business partner whom he claimed to have caused him to go bankrupt. My visit this time is for no other reason than to ask him whether he hates me for having put him through all that back then!"

In an instant, the taxi driver's expression changed, and his face flushed bright red.

He wanted to say something, yet the words were stuck in his throat. In whole, he appeared extremely tortured.

Nonetheless, Jonathan wasn't in the mood to bother about him. He whipped out his phone and made a call instead.

Shortly after, a deep and booming voice sounded on the other end of the phone.

"Hello, Mr. Goldstein?"

"Yeah, it's me." In a low voice, Jonathan ordered, "Investigate someone for me. His name is Tavion Callahan, and he's the owner of Tavion Group in Jazona. I want everything on him in the past five years, including the number of meals he ate every day, the number of women he bedded, and the amount of money going into his bank account. I want all of that."

"Has he offended you, Mr. Goldstein?"

The voice on the other end of the phone went icy at once, and the murderous intent in it was clearly discernible even through the phone.

"Don't ask questions you shouldn't be asking. You only need to help me investigate everything I said earlier. Give me all the information before dawn. Is there any problem with that?" Jonathan enunciated frostily.

The person on the other end instantly replied, "No! Rest assured that I'll investigate even his ancestors before dawn!"

“I’m not interested in his ancestors. I’m only interested in everything he did in the past five years!” Jonathan then proceeded to warn coldly, “For this matter, you’re only to investigate him. Do not interfere. Do you hear me?”

“Understood, Mr. Goldstein!”

“I’m not joking with you. If you dare interfere in this matter, I’ll toss you out of Jazona. Also, you’ll be dismissed from your position as the King of War!” In all these years, this was the first time Jonathan ever warned Zachary.

As one of the four Kings of War and the person he trusted most, Jonathan had never threatened him as he did that day.

Of course, he had also never been as furious as he was that day.

“Is the matter this time very serious, Mr. Goldstein?” On the other end of the phone, Zachary perceptively sensed something different from the man’s tone. Even through the phone, he could hear the wrath in the man’s voice.

“Yes. It’s so serious that I’ve got to handle it myself!” Then Jonathan hung up without giving him an opportunity to utter another word.

An hour later, the taxi came to a stop in front of Tavion Tower.

Undeniably, Tavion Tower was indeed majestic, for it spread over dozens of hectares.

The stone plaque at the entrance with the words “Tavion Tower” was even more impressive.

“Hello, Sir. How may I help you?” A beguiling receptionist in a short, black skirt immediately came forward and blocked Jonathan’s path as soon as he entered the lobby.

“I’m here to see Tavion Callahan!” Jonathan declared plainly.

“Do you have an appointment?”

“No.”

“I’m sorry, but you can’t meet Mr. Callahan without an appointment. If you want to meet him, you must make an appointment a week ahead.” The receptionist politely and diplomatically



denied him entry.

"A week is too long. I want to see him right now!" Casting her a glance, Jonathan added,

"Tell him that someone named Jonathan Goldstein wants to see him. He'll definitely agree to see me."

"I'm sorry, Sir, but Mr. Callahan is currently in a meeting. I'm afraid I can't do that for you," the receptionist declined once again.

"It's okay. I can wait."

Jonathan didn't put her in a difficult position but plopped down on the couch. Then he unhurriedly lit a cigarette.

Since I came here today, I naturally won't be going back empty-handed! At that, the receptionist looked at him with much exasperation. "You're making things

difficult for me, Sir. There are droves of people who want to see Mr. Callahan every single

day. Without an appointment, he won't see you even if you wait here until night falls."

"I've told you that he'll definitely agree to see me if you tell him my name." Subsequently,

Jonathan glanced at the slowly approaching security guards before he lifted his eyes to her

and warned, "You'd better not provoke me with such a method. Otherwise, you'll certainly regret it!"

"Sir, you misunderstood!" When her intention was exposed, the receptionist could only wave a hand at the security guards and signal them to return to their posts. When they had retreated, she turned to Jonathan once more and asserted, "Sir, you're really making things difficult for me!"

"If I truly wanted to make life difficult for you, I would be standing in front of your boss' door

right now." Eyeing her dispassionately, Jonathan stated, "I'll give you ten minutes to consider

this. Either you inform your boss as per my orders, or I'll forcefully kick open your boss' office door. There are two options. Make your choice.”

“Sir, you're—” The receptionist was so irked that her face contorted into a mask of rage. But just when she was about to speak further, a few burly men in black suits and black sunglasses who appeared very much like bodyguards stalked into the lobby at some point in time.

Behind those few burly men was a man in a white suit who stood out like a sore thumb.

“Mr. Callahan!”

The instant the receptionist who was initially fuming caught sight of the man in the white suit, she promptly put her irritation away and forced a professional smile.

“Mmm,” the man in the white suit acknowledged blithely. Without even sparing her a glance, he brushed right past her.

However, the second his gaze swept over Jonathan nonchalantly, he froze and halted in his tracks.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 131

### Chapter 131 Come Back From The Dead

When the man in the white suit looked at Jonathan, Jonathan likewise stared at him.

It was none other than Tavion.

Even after four years had passed, Jonathan still recognized him at a single glance.

“Mr. Callahan, this man here insists on meeting you. I tried to get him to leave, but he refused to do so,” the receptionist explained frantically upon seeing that Tavion had spotted Jonathan.

Unexpectedly, Tavion didn't even bother looking at her. Instead, his eyes remained fixated on Jonathan with a trace of disbelief in them.

“Jonathan?” he called out tentatively.  
“Why, don’t you recognize me anymore?” Jonathan quirked an eyebrow.  
“It’s really you, Jonathan? I thought I got the wrong person!” When  
Tavion had ascertained  
that it was indeed Jonathan, he stepped forward to hug him. Alas,  
Jonathan instinctively  
took a step back upon seeing that.  
Tavion ended up with empty air in his arms.  
Nonetheless, he wasn’t at all embarrassed. He shot daggers at the  
receptionist and  
reproved, “Why didn’t you tell me that Jonathan is here? He’s one of my  
best friends! Without

him, I wouldn’t be here today! If he comes again in the future, make  
sure that you’re polite to  
a fault with him. You’ll be dismissed if you dare stop him again! Is that  
clear?”

“Yes, Mr. Callahan!” The receptionist was so stricken that she had gone  
as pale as a sheet.

“You must be tired after waiting here for such a long time.” Tavion  
appeared exceedingly  
friendly and earnest. “Come, let’s go to my office for a rest. You there,  
get someone to brew  
a pot of tea and bring it to my office!”

“Understood, Mr. Callahan!” Nodding, the receptionist spun on her  
heels and left.

When she had left, Tavion led Jonathan to his exclusive elevator. In the  
elevator, he glanced  
at the man he hadn’t seen in several years. “I haven’t seen you in a few  
years, Jonathan!

Where did you go in the past few years? I turned the whole of Jazona  
upside down to look  
for you, but I simply couldn’t find you!”

“Oh, really?” Jonathan eyed him coldly as he lied through his teeth.  
Three years ago, I stayed in Jazona for an entire year. Why was it that I  
never heard of  
anyone looking for me? Oh, that’s not right. There were people looking  
for me—my debtors  
and the group of people hunting me down!

“Why didn’t you find me, then? I’ve been in Jazona for the past few years,” Jonathan riposted offhandedly.

“What? You’ve been in Jazona for the past few years?” Tavion abruptly swung his gaze at

Jonathan, incredulity brimming in his eyes. “That’s impossible! How could that be? In my effort to find you all these years, I paid that useless bunch of people several million in total!

Damn it! How dare they take my money without doing any work? They’ll be getting it from me very soon!”

His reaction was intense, making it seem as though he had truly been hiring people to look for Jonathan in the past few years.

Regretfully, Jonathan didn’t believe him in the slightest, no matter how realistic his act was.

Jadeborough is so small, yet he couldn’t find me even after searching for four years? What a lie!

No sooner had Tavion finished speaking than a knock suddenly sounded at the office door.

On the heels of that, a tall and fair woman in a short, black skirt walked in with two cups of hot tea. “Here’s the tea you asked for, Mr. Callahan.”

“Okay, just put them down.” Tavion nodded before shifting his gaze to Jonathan. “Try the

tea, Jonathan. A friend of mine brought the tea leaves back from abroad, and I heard that a tael cost a few hundred thousand!”

“Not bad.” Jonathan nonchalantly took a sip.

The secretary, however, curled her lips when she heard that.

Not bad? Tea leaves that cost a few hundred thousand a tael are just passable in his eyes?

How ignorant! He doesn’t even know what fine tea is!

“If you like it, I’ll gift you some later!” Tavion then waved a hand at the secretary and ordered,

“Go and get my tea leaves.”

“Sure, Mr. Callahan!”

The secretary was just about to leave when Jonathan called her back.

“No, it’s fine. It’s too expensive; it isn’t suitable for me.”

“What are you saying? You’re my best friend, so you’re suited to drink even tea worth

millions a tael, let alone a few hundred thousand!”

After saying that, Tavion glared at the secretary, chiding, “Why are you still standing there?

Hurry up and get the tea leaves!”

“Yes, Mr. Callahan!”

The secretary was so frightened that she quickly scurried away.

When she had left, Tavion snagged a box of cigars. Lighting one himself, he tossed one to

Jonathan. “Try this cigar, too. It was also bought by a friend abroad, and it cost ten thousand

per cigar!”

“No, it’s okay.” Jonathan shook his head. “I prefer local stuff.”

“You’re simply too rigid!” Tavion shook his head, but he didn’t continue persuading him

otherwise. Instead, he took a huge puff of the cigar himself before asking, “You must have

been doing pretty dismally in Jazona in the past few years, haven’t you?”

Neither his clothes nor shoes are branded. I suppose his entire outfit doesn’t even cost five

hundred in total. And me? My socks alone cost over a thousand! In contrast, I could tell at a

single glance that he hasn’t been doing all that well in the past few years.

“Well, not too bad.” Sweeping a casual glance over him, Jonathan commented, “I heard that

you’ve been doing pretty well in the past few years? Not only do you have a net worth of a

few billion, but you even spent several billion to build this Tavion Tower! On my way here, the

taxi driver told me all about your acclaimed accomplishment!”

“Ah, I suppose I’ve been doing okay. It’s just a little better than before.”

As Tavion spoke, he

unconsciously elevated himself above Jonathan, a trace of smugness radiating off his eyes.

Back then, we both started a company together. Yet, he couldn't even afford to buy himself some decent clothes now. On the contrary, my net worth has long since gone beyond several billion! Sometimes, destiny is really frustrating!

"Did you come to seek my help this time? Or are you here to ask me for a loan to continue doing business?" He then regarded Jonathan condescendingly. He isn't doing all too well and has fallen from grace, so he's definitely here for no other reason than to ask me for a loan or a job at my company! Ultimately, he just wants to take advantage of me!

"I'm not here for a loan." Eyeing him placidly, Jonathan remarked, "I came to look for you to ask you about something."

"What is it?" Tavion inquired, huffing out a puff of smoke.

"I remember that you disappeared for half a year without any news after the company went bankrupt four years ago. Later, your parents told me that you committed suicide. I even went to your village and attended your funeral. As far as I know, you died three years ago."

Staring at the man regarding him condescendingly on the opposite side, Jonathan questioned, "How have you come back from the dead now?"

The Legendary Man Chapter 132  
Chapter 132 A Bunch Of Lies

In the blink of an eye, Tavion's expression changed drastically. It was as though someone had caught him in a lie, and a pained look crossed his face. "That was a misunderstanding, Jonathan."

"Oh? How was it a misunderstanding?" Jonathan lightly leaned back against the couch and gazed at him aloofly.

“Actually, I didn’t commit suicide back then...” Tavion’s eyes darted everywhere, not having expected the man to launch a sudden attack at him. “After our company went bankrupt back then, loan sharks were looking for me everywhere. They didn’t just send people to hunt me down but even went so far as to harass my family. Left with no other recourse, I could only fake my death in hopes that I could dupe those loan sharks! You don’t know how dangerous it was back then. I almost got hacked to death a few times!”

While saying that, his hand that held the cigar trembled lightly, complementing his fearful expression.

If I hadn’t heard about how he shoved all the blame of the incident back then on me from the taxi driver on my way here, I might really be taken in by his lies! It’s truly a shame that he’s not running for the Oscars!

“I don’t know if those loan sharks were duped, but I was undoubtedly taken in.” Instead of exposing him, Jonathan glanced at him casually and stated, “Not only did I attend your funeral back then, but I even gave the remaining tens of thousands I had left to your parents.”

Back then, I was riddled with debts after the company went bankrupt and even had a whole slew of loan sharks hunting me down. Yet, I still gave his family the tens of thousands I had left without any reservations despite my circumstances then!

“What? You really did that?” Tavion arched an eyebrow, acting as though he didn’t know

anything about it. “Why have I never heard about it from my parents?”

“So you think I’m lying to you?” Jonathan raised an eyebrow as well.

“Of course not!” Chuckling, Tavion countered, “How could you possibly lie to me? It’s just

tens of thousands, isn't it? Okay. When you leave later, I'll have someone give you a million as compensation for your money back then. How about that?"

"Do you think that I'm here to ask you for the money?" Jonathan cast him a frigid look.

Back then, he signed a bad contract with someone else and caused my listed company with a market value of over a hundred million to not only go bankrupt overnight but even end up owing a ton of debts. Yet, I didn't even ask him to compensate me a single dime! Could I possibly be here now to ask him about the tens of thousands?

"Of course not! I just feel that I owe you too much regarding the matter back then!" Smiling, Tavion maintained, "The million is just a teeny-weeny compensation from me. After all, our company wouldn't have gone bankrupt overnight if it weren't because of me back then. Besides, I even caused you to be saddled with a slew of debts."

Naturally, he wouldn't push the blame onto Jonathan right in front of the man himself.

Meanwhile, Jonathan didn't expose him either. I'll just see how much longer he's going to keep this act up!

Knock, knock!

A few minutes later, the secretary knocked on the door again. But this time, there was a tray in her hands, on which laid the tea leaves wrapped in a piece of golden paper.

"Here are the tea leaves, Mr. Callahan." In a soft voice, she added, "There are three taels of tea leaves in here, and the market value outside is over a million." The second half of her utterance was deliberate, expressly meant for the ignorant man who was unschooled in tea so that he would know how much three taels of tea leaves cost and use them sparingly.

"Why are there only three taels?" Tavion frowned slightly.



“Didn’t you also give your friend a few taels when he came to visit back then?” While saying that, the secretary put the tray down. Then, she looked at Tavion and reminded, “It’s about time, Mr. Callahan. You have a dinner appointment with Mr. Whittaker and Mr. Ziegler.”

“Are they here already?” Tavion dipped his head and glanced at his watch.

“Yes, they’re waiting for you in the waiting lounge,” the secretary replied in a murmur.

“Okay, then tell them that we’ll be going over to Empyrean Palace for dinner tonight,” Tavion instructed airily. After doing so, he turned to Jonathan. “Why don’t you join us, Jonathan?”

“Mr. Callahan, you’re going to be talking business with Mr. Ziegler and the others, remember? Won’t it be inappropriate for him to tag along?” the secretary prompted.

Frankly speaking, she didn’t quite like Jonathan.

Mr. Callahan usually only comes into contact with either wealthy heirs from prominent families or the super-rich with a net worth of billions. He never associates with the dirt poor like this man here whose entire outfit seemingly doesn’t even cost three hundred!

“What’s inappropriate about it?” Tavion shot her a glare, asserting, “Jonathan is my best friend! And it’s just dinner, is it not? What’s the big deal about bringing him along? Cut the crap and make the arrangements quickly!”

“Understood, Mr. Callahan!” Biting her lip resentfully, the secretary stormed off.

When she had left, Tavion looked at Jonathan and invited, “Let’s have dinner together tonight. I’ll introduce a few big shots to you.”

“Big shots?”

“One of them is the heir of the York family, one of the four prominent families in Jazona!

How's that? A big shot, huh?" A flash of triumph flickered in Tavion's eyes.

If I don't bring him along, he'll probably never have the opportunity to eat at the same table

with the heir from one of the four prominent families in his entire life!

After all, Mr. York

usually associates with affluent people such as the wealthy heirs from Yaleview and

Kingshinton. The least of them still have a net worth of billions. Would someone like

Jonathan, who had gone bankrupt a few years ago and even owed a boatload of debts, have

the opportunity to dine with him? That's a pipe dream!

"Indeed!" Jonathan chuckled.

If my memory serves, the person who bid on the lavender jade figurine with me during the

auction back then was also the heir of the York family.

"Let's go! Otherwise, I'm afraid that you wouldn't have the chance to dine at the same table

with him in your lifetime!" Tavion's tone and gaze carried a distinct hint of disdain toward

him.

I've got to admit that he was indeed an entrepreneur genius back then.

In just a year, he

managed to transform a small and insignificant company into a gigantic company with a

market value of over a hundred million! And at that time, I only invested fifty thousand. In a

year, my fifty thousand ballooned to more than ten million. Nonetheless, that was then.

Today, I already have a net worth of a few billion! All who associate with me are bigwigs with

a net worth of billions and even tens of billions!

Therefore, he had no respect for a pauper like Jonathan.

"Sure! I'm not in a hurry to go back anyway." Jonathan calmly stood up and strolled out of

the office with him.

It so happens that I'd like to see what other tricks he has up his sleeve!

## The Legendary Man Chapter 133

### Chapter 133 It Was Him

A few minutes later, Jonathan saw Tavion's car below Tavion Tower. It was a black Rolls-Royce that appeared extremely grand, sparkling under the sunlight.

As soon as Tavion got downstairs, the driver immediately stepped forward and opened the car door for him.

Surprisingly, Jonathan saw no sign of the two men who were purportedly waiting for him in the waiting lounge. Instead, the secretary got into the car with Tavion. "How's it, Jonathan? This is a pretty nice ride, isn't it?" Lighting a cigar, Tavion leaned back against the seat and puffed out a cloud of smoke at the starry sky above.

"Not bad," Jonathan answered blithely.

Tavion casually flicked the cigar as he revealed the price of the car, saying, "I spent over thirty million on this car and had it air-freighted over. You can't buy this here, but then the maintenance is just too expensive. It costs me hundreds of thousands every year!"

He seemed to be chatting with Jonathan about the car, but in reality, he was using that method to widen the gap between them.

It's just been a mere four years, yet there's already a world of difference between us! So

what if he was vastly capable back then? He's still doing so dismally now that he can't even

afford to buy a decent set of clothes! Contrarily, I already have a fortune of a few billion and

am currently sitting in a car worth over thirty million! Just the amount of money I'm

spending on this car's maintenance is enough to last him half his lifetime!

"Oh, really?" Jonathan responded nonchalantly.

That attitude of his had chagrin flooding Tavion.

I initially thought that he would appear envious or resentful, but I never thought that he

would be apathetic as though a luxury car worth tens of millions is nothing to write home about in his eyes. He's unimpressed? At once, his expression darkened. If he weren't with me, would he have the opportunity to ride in this car? Half an hour later, the car came to a stop before Empyrean Palace. No sooner had they alighted from the car than beautiful and alluring female servers came forward, ushering them into the most lavish and stately private room in Empyrean Palace—the Supreme VIP Room. “This way, please, Mr. Callahan!” The server's voice was a touch coquettish, and she even seemed to be fawning over him. “Mr. Whittaker and Mr. Ziegler have been waiting for you in the room for a long time!”

“Got it.”

Nodding, Tavion followed the server to the Supreme VIP Room. While walking, he turned to Jonathan and remarked, “You've never been to Empyrean Palace, have you? This is the most expensive restaurant in the whole of Jazona. The minimum spend for the Supreme VIP Room alone is eight hundred and eighty thousand! Also, it's not open to the public. It's only for patrons of Diamond VIP and above. To be a Diamond VIP, one has to spend at least eight million in a single bill!” As he walked, he boasted of his grandeur and magnificence to Jonathan. It was as though he could only flaunt his superiority through such a method. “So you're a Diamond VIP patron here?” Jonathan inquired casually. “Yes!” After saying that, Tavion added, “But I don't spend that much. The most I spent was a little over ten million. I heard that Mr. York spent over thirty million here in a single bill to woo the heiress of the Hansley family!” When he mentioned ten million, he was so blasé that it was as though he was speaking of a

thousand.

However, Jonathan was quite surprised that the heir of the York family was actually interested in Luna.

“Go on in, Mr. Callahan!”

A short while later, the beautiful and alluring server pushed open the door to the Supreme VIP Room.

They were greeted by the sight of a huge sliding screen in the room.

The murmur of a stream drifted into the air. A few carp were swimming in the stream.

On both sides of the stream were two young ladies in traditional clothing playing the harp.

The stunning visual and dulcet melody complemented each other. It was an absolute delight.

“Mr. Callahan!” As soon as Tavion stepped into the room, two middle-aged men in black suits instantly came forward to greet him. “It’s really difficult to ask you out for a meal, Mr.

Callahan! We’ve waited for over a week!”

“I’m sorry, but I had too many things to handle at work that I truly couldn’t spare the time!”

Chuckling, Tavion shrugged his shoulders slightly. Immediately, his secretary behind him stepped forward and removed his jacket for him.

Then, he continued, “If I hadn’t bumped into my good friend whom I hadn’t seen in years, I

might not even have been free today.” After that, he glanced over his shoulder at Jonathan

and declared, “Let me introduce them to you, Jonathan. These two are the general

managers of Zion Group, Mike Ziegler and Vincent Whittaker. Rumor has it that their net

worth had long since exceeded a billion, but they staunchly refuse to admit it.”

“Nah, not at all! Don’t listen to Mr. Callahan! He’s just joking. We’re mere employees at Zion

Group! The middle-aged man introduced as Mike chortled before shifting his gaze to Jonathan and querying, "And this is..."

"My good friend, Jonathan Goldstein!" Tavion answered. "But something happened back then, so I haven't seen him in several years."

"Since you're Mr. Callahan's good friend, you're naturally our esteemed guest! Do have a seat!" Mike was exceedingly enthusiastic.

Right after saying that, he lifted a hand and beckoned at the server, booming, "You may serve the food now!"

"Sure!"

The alluring server bowed before leaving the room.

When she had left, Mike turned to Jonathan while the strains of the harp were still floating in the air and asked, "Where are you currently employed, Mr. Goldstein?"

"I'm unemployed," Jonathan answered airily.

"Unemployed?" Mike's brows abruptly scrunched together when he heard that. "You're really hilarious, Mr. Goldstein. All who are friends with Mr. Callahan have a net worth of a billion at the very least! How could you be unemployed? You're too modest!"

Despite his words, the contempt in his eyes was plainly evident and the corner of his lips curled scornfully when he noticed that Jonathan's attire didn't even cost five hundred in total.

Where did this impoverished guy come from? And how is he worthy of sitting at the same table with us?

Glimpsing the disdain in his eyes, Tavion explained, "Jonathan hasn't been doing too well recently, but don't underestimate him! He was a billionaire a few years ago, and he started from scratch at that! Do you remember me saying some time ago that I once partnered with

someone and started a company a few years back?" At that, he offhandedly glanced at Mike and Vincent before announcing, "He was my business partner back then!"

"He was your business partner back then?" In a thrice, the expressions of both Mike and Vincent changed. The contempt in their eyes as they regarded Jonathan intensified, and a trace of repugnance crept in. It was as though they were sickened to even look at him. "So he was the one who caused the company to go bankrupt and even owe a shedload of debts, Mr. Callahan?"

The Legendary Man Chapter 134

Chapter 134 Break My Legs

I caused the company to go bankrupt and even owe a shedload of debts?

Despite Mike's and Vincent's contemptuous gazes, Jonathan was in no hurry to explain

things. Instead, he shifted his gaze to Tavion.

I'll just see what he's going to say!

However, Tavion acted as though he didn't notice the man's gaze on him.

He merely waved a

hand and urged, "Let's not talk about that. It's all in the past! Besides, he wasn't to be

blamed entirely for the incident back then. I was also partially responsible!"

While he was seemingly defending Jonathan, he was actually answering the two men's

question in the affirmative.

In other words, he was saying that it was indeed Jonathan who had caused the company to

go bankrupt back then!

"Hmph! You're too generous, Mr. Callahan, to not take offense at such a trivial matter! If it

were me, he would be getting off easy with two broken legs!" Mike proclaimed with a

harrumph after hearing that.

“Mr. Ziegler, you haven’t even imbibed, yet you’re already drunk?” At that, Tavion threw him a glare and chided, “Whose legs are you threatening to break? Jonathan is my good friend, so I won’t just stand by and do nothing!”

“I just feel sorry for you, Mr. Callahan! Say, how could someone like him still have the audacity to seek you out and even sit at the same table with you?” Snorting, Mike glowered at Jonathan with repugnance written all over his face. It was as though sitting at the same table with Jonathan was a great insult to him.

“Why would you feel sorry for me? I don’t even mind, so it should go doubly for you!” Tavion shot him a hard look before he turned to Jonathan and urged, “Just ignore him, Jonathan. He has an inherently sharp tongue. I’ll have him down three glasses later as an apology!”

“That’s unnecessary.” Seeing them both singing to each other’s tune to demean him in every way possible, Jonathan merely smirked and said to Mike, “Earlier, you were the one who wanted to break my legs, yes?”

“So what if it was me?” With a frosty expression on his face, Mike barked, “If it weren’t for Mr. Callahan’s sake, lad, I would’ve long since had your legs broken! Who do you think you are? And what right do you have to sit at the same table with us? Wasn’t it enough that you caused him to go bankrupt back then? Yet, you still have the audacity to seek him out? What’s your motive in doing so this time? To ask for a loan or to procure a job in his company?”

While saying that, he stared at Jonathan condescendingly as though the man was dirt beneath his shoe and would never amount to anything.



“You’re talking too much, Mr. Ziegler!” Frowning, Tavion shot daggers at him.

Hearing that, Mike snorted and asserted, “Don’t hold me back, Mr.

Callahan! He has long

since been getting on my nerves!”

Subsequently, he turned to Jonathan and mocked, “You want to get a job at his company,

don’t you? He still needs a driver for his Rolls-Royce! Are you interested in that? Otherwise,

how about joining our company? Our company is short of a security guard! Are you taking

the offer? If you are, I’ll inform the finance department tomorrow and have them contact

you! But before that, you’ve got to prostrate yourself before us and apologize. You can only

join our company if we’re satisfied with your apology. After all, we don’t employ deadbeats!”

In his eyes, Jonathan was no different from a deadbeat.

So what if he had a net worth of over a billion a few years ago? He still ended up with his

company going bankrupt and owing a slew of debt! If it weren’t for Mr. Callahan bringing

him along, would he have the right to dine at the same table with us?

He’s a total loser!

“He’s right in that you’re being too loquacious.” Jonathan wasn’t the least bit enraged

despite the man’s interminable snubs. Instead, he cast him a bland look and repeated,

“Earlier, you said you wanted to break my legs, didn’t you? How were you planning on doing that?”

As his words fell, he stepped forward and kicked him in the stomach.

In the next instant, a muffled thud sounded. Mike’s plump body was knocked to the ground

following that kick.

On the heels of that, Jonathan lifted his right leg and stomped on the man’s knee.

At once, a crisp snap split the air as the man’s knee was shattered.

“Ahh!”

A shrill, agonized wail reverberated around the entire room.

“H-How dare you make a move against me?” Mike roared at Jonathan, glowering even as he clutched his shattered knee.

Never had he expected the man to get physical without warning and go so far as to shatter his knee.

“What’s the big deal about that?” Eyeing him indifferently, Jonathan remarked, “Before you stood up for someone else, did no one ever tell you that a loose tongue leads to trouble?”

“You’ve gone too far, Jonathan!” Precisely that moment, Tavion, who had been keeping mum, abruptly shot to his feet. Glowering at the man with a dark expression on his face, he demanded, “What is the meaning of this? Mr. Ziegler is my guest, yet you beat him up so badly right before my eyes!”

“You know the answer to that full well, no?” Jonathan was no longer in the mood to continue playing games with them.

I was just wondering what other tricks he had up his sleeve, but it turned out that his plan was to join hands with someone else to humiliate me. It’s been so many years, but he’s still as dumb as a box of rocks!

“I broke his leg as a reminder so that he’ll first consider how many legs he has before he agrees to be used as cannon fodder next time!”

“To think that I still regard you as my best friend, Jonathan! Yet, this is how you treat me?”

Tavion’s expression grew increasingly darker and grimmer. Even he didn’t expect the man to get physical right off the bat without any qualms.

“Don’t even mention the word ‘friend’ with me! You’re not worthy of it!” Staring at him coldly,

Jonathan spat, "How did I treat you back then? You were dirt poor, having no money for your meals nor a roof over your head. You were eating my food, living in my house, and even spending my money! Not only that, but you even used the money you borrowed from me to buy into my company! You didn't even spend a single dime, yet you gained ten million worth of shares for nothing! But what did you do? You conspired with someone else and signed a bad contract to set me up. Was that how you repaid me, Tavion Callahan?"

Tavion initially wore a dark look on his face, but a glimmer of panic flashed across his eyes when he heard that final utterance. Still, he gritted his teeth and refused to admit to it. "What nonsense are you spouting, Jonathan? That's not true! How could I possibly have conspired with someone else to set you up? Back then, I also had a share in the company! What good would it do me if I caused you to go bankrupt?"

"What good would it do you?" Seeing that he was still determined to maintain the act even when things had come to that, Jonathan sneered, "You like to act, don't you? In that case, I'll grant you your wish today!"

After saying that, Jonathan picked up his phone and made a call.

A moment later, Zachary's voice rang out from the other end of the phone.

"Have you gotten everything I told you to investigate?" Jonathan asked in a glacial voice.

"Yes!" Zachary replied. "Four years ago, after the company you started with Tavion Callahan went bankrupt, a whooping sum of over seven million was transferred into his overseas bank account on that very same day."

The Legendary Man Chapter 135

Chapter 135 Send You Across The Great Divide

Over seven million? Converting into Chanaean currency, that would amount to about fifty million exactly!

“What’s this about seven million and an overseas bank account? This is all utter nonsense! I never had any bank account abroad, nor had I ever seen the alleged seven million!” Tavion hastily denied after hearing Zachary’s declaration on the other end of the phone.

Alas, his denial had no effect on the man.

Zachary merely continued speaking. “After the seven over million were transferred into his account, he didn’t use it at once. Instead, he left it there for a whole two years before using the money. And it so happens to be the capital he used to register Tavion Group. I also found out that the person who wired the money to him was the person in charge of the company who signed the bad contract with him back then!”

Every single utterance out of his mouth had a flicker of panic flashing across Tavion’s eyes.

When he heard the last sentence, in particular, he screeched frantically as though he had lost his mind, “Who the hell are you? Stop slandering me! The capital I used to register Tavion Group was from the loan I took out! What’s this nonsense about an overseas bank account? Stop defaming me there! Come over here if you’ve got the guts and confront me face to face!”

On the other end of the phone, Zachary seemed to have heard his ear-splitting shout, for he questioned icily, “Are you sure you want me to go and confront you face to face? If I truly do so today, Tavion Callahan, I’m afraid that you’ll never have the chance to continue living in this world anymore! Anyhow, you should really appreciate the opportunity you have right

now to holler and clamor before me. If it weren't for Mr. Goldstein holding me back, I would've long since sent you to meet your maker!" I'm one of the four Kings of War, and I rule over the whole of Jazona! If it weren't for Mr. Goldstein warning me not to interfere in this matter, even Tavion Group would've been wiped out in the blink of an eye with an order from me, not to mention an insignificant person like him!

"Who are you trying to scare? Come over here if you've got the guts and show me how you're going to send me to meet my maker!" Utter chagrin showed on Tavion's face.

Did he think that I'm a scaredy-cat? No matter what, I'm the newest billionaire in Jazona and one of the ten most outstanding men in the city! Even Kingstone Warhol once came to meet me personally! Yet, a random nobody wants to send me to meet my maker? What a joke!

"Mr. Goldstein, I also found some of his bank records in the past few years. There's evidence of tax evasion and some illegal income, as well as proof of him bribing government officials. If you need them, I'll send someone to bring them over to you anytime!" Zachary couldn't be bothered to entertain a fool like Tavion.

He's just an ant, unworthy to have me getting angry! "No, that's fine. I'll resolve my own problem myself!" Hanging up the phone, Jonathan looked at Tavion impassively and drawled, "What else do you have to say now? Do you still want to continue acting here?"

By then, Tavion gave up maintaining the act as well. "Stop trying to scare me, Jonathan! You want to dupe me by finding some extra to put on an act, huh? Do you think that I'm so easily intimidated? What was that nonsense about tax evasion and bribery? I don't know anything about that!"

“Whether you committed tax evasion or bribery is none of my business, and I’m not the least bit interested in that.” Regarding the man who was fuming, Jonathan admitted, “The only

reason I came to see you today is to verify whether my guess is correct, whether it was you who conspired with someone else back then and caused me to go bankrupt. And the facts proved that it was indeed you! Honestly speaking, I’d rather the truth be the other way round.

No one had ever betrayed me in my entire life. You’re the first and also the last! To pay for that price, I’ll personally send you across the great divide! You should’ve died a few years ago anyway.”

The moment his words fell, he stalked toward the man.

With every step he took, Tavion took a step back. When he had gone as far as the corner of the table, he bellowed at the man with eyes blazing scarlet, “What do you want, Jonathan?”

“To send you across the great divide,” Jonathan answered in a chilly voice.

“Have you lost your mind? You just want money, no? I’ll give it to you! Is ten million enough?

If it’s not enough, I’ll give you fifty million or even a hundred million! That’s more than enough, right?”

Tavion cowered in the corner, gritting his teeth hard.

I’ve finally realized that he’s a damn lunatic!

“No, it’s not enough even if you give me ten billion!” Jonathan hadn’t the slightest bit of interest in money.

To him, it was just a figure.

If he wanted money, he could have even a hundred billion, not to mention ten billion.

The entire world belonged to him, so money had no meaning for him.

“You’ve gone mad! You’re truly out of your mind!” Hearing that, Tavion was all the more

convinced that the man had gone off his rocker. “Jonathan, let me tell you this—you’ll never be able to walk out of Emphyrean Palace alive if you dare harm a single hair on my head today! Do you know my status now? I’m one of the ten most outstanding men in Jazona,

and I have a net worth of several billion! Do you believe that you won’t be able to get out of here if you dare raise a hand against me?”

“No.” Eyeing him dispassionately, Jonathan took a step forward and kicked him in the chest.

With that kick, Tavion ended up sprawling beneath the table before curling up like a ball.

“Stop! Otherwise, I’m going to lodge a police report!” Tavion’s secretary threatened with the phone in her hand just when Jonathan was about to reach the man himself.

“Go ahead.” Without even sparing her a glance, Jonathan stalked forward and kicked Tavion in the stomach again. “The thing I abhor most in my life is betrayal, especially by someone I trust most!”

Four years ago, I wasn’t yet Asura, nor had I accidentally broken into the military camp. At

that time, he was the person I trusted most! Even after the company went bankrupt, I never

held a grudge against him. But little did I know that the person who stabbed me the deepest

in the back was none other than the person I trusted most!

“Yes, lodge a police report! Quick! He’s truly psycho!” Tavion, curled up on the ground,

desperately shouted at his secretary after having coughed out a mouthful of blood.

“Understood!” Without further ado, the secretary phoned the police right away. “Hello, is this the police? Someone here wants to commit murder in the Supreme VIP Room in Emphyrean Palace! Hurry up and send someone over!”

From the beginning till the end, Jonathan didn't stop her from lodging a police report. In fact, he didn't even spare her a single glance. Instead, he looked down at Tavion on the ground and surmised, "Those people who were hunting me down in the middle of the night three years ago was also your doing, wasn't it?"

The Legendary Man Chapter 136

Chapter 136 Buzz Off

"What's this about people hunting you down in the middle of the night? I don't know what you're talking about!" Cowering on the ground, Tavion desperately crawled toward the door.

All he wanted to do right then was to make a run for it, not at all interested in risking his life with a nutcase like Jonathan.

He's just a pauper whose life isn't even worth a dime, so it doesn't matter even if he dies. But it's different with me! With a fortune of a few billion, I've got money I can't ever finish spending in this lifetime and countless women waiting to warm my bed! How could I die?

"You won't be able to escape, so just save your energy!" Pinning an indifferent gaze on the man crawling on the ground, Jonathan slowly stalked toward him. From the moment I found out that he conspired with someone else to set me up and bring about my bankruptcy, he was destined to die! "Stay away from me!" At the sight of the man's approaching footsteps, a glimmer of panic flashed across Tavion's eyes. But at just that precise moment, the private room door was suddenly pushed open.

Subsequently, a middle-aged man in a black suit strode in.

"What's happening here?"

Upon glimpsing Tavion, who was huddled on the ground and crawling toward the door

frantically, he recognized him at a single glance. "Mr. Callahan?"



“Q-Quick, have someone restrain this lunatic! He wants to kill me!” The moment Tavion caught sight of him, he clutched at his shirt as though he had seen a ray of light at the end of the tunnel.

“A lunatic?” The middle-aged man instinctively lifted his eyes and cast his gaze over. The instant he spotted Jonathan, a flash of surprise flickered in his eyes. “Mr. Goldstein?”

“Get out of my way!” Jonathan threw him a blasé look, scaring him so greatly that he hastily backed up several steps.

“What happened, Mr. Goldstein?” The middle-aged man looked at Jonathan cautiously.

After all, he had personally witnessed how humble the owner of Emyrean Palace, Luna, was in front of the man the last time.

“Don’t ask questions you shouldn’t be asking. Get out!” Jonathan wore a cold expression on his face.

“Understood, Mr. Goldstein!”

Without further ado, the middle-aged man spun on his heels and left as though he had never been there.

Bang!

The private room door was slammed shut once more, causing Tavion’s heart to abruptly sink to rock bottom.

What’s going on here? Why would an employee of Emyrean Palace fear Jonathan? Isn’t he just an impoverished man who went bankrupt and owed a slew of debts a few years ago?

“There’s no need for you to stare at the door. No one in this world can save you!” Jonathan’s

remark doused the man’s final spark of hope. As Jonathan drew ever close, Tavion gritted

his teeth and fell to his knees before him without another word.

“I’m sorry, Jonathan! I was momentarily blinded by greed back then. I’ve seen the errors of my way, so please give me another chance! You want money, right? I’ll give it to you! If a

hundred million isn’t enough, I’ll give you a billion! If even that isn’t sufficient for you, I’ll give you half of Tavion Group, okay?”

Tavion Group has a market value of a few billion, so even if it’s only three billion, that’s at least one and a half billion right there. I only cheated him out of a hundred million back then, so it’s more than enough that I’m returning him one and a half billion now, isn’t it?

“No, that’s not enough.” Jonathan shook his head apathetically. “I’ve got no interest in Tavion Group.”

“What exactly do you want, then? As long as you spare me, I’ll agree to whatever you want!”

Tavion hissed through clenched teeth.

“I want your life! When one commits a mistake, he naturally has to pay the price. And the price of you betraying me back then is death!” Jonathan asserted frostily.

When Tavion heard that, his expression underwent a drastic change.

“Quit while you’re ahead, Jonathan! You won’t get a single dime if you kill me! Instead, you’ll even end up sacrificing your life in return! Is it worth it to exchange your life with mine?”

“Not at all.” Jonathan shook his head before continuing, “Your life should have ended four years ago. I’ve already allowed you to live four extra years. Are you still not content?”

After saying that, he didn’t want to yak with him anymore.

Lifting his leg, he kicked the man in the chin. At once, blood spurted out from Tavion’s mouth and nose, and he collapsed onto the ground.

Just when he struggled to climb to his feet as his vision threatened to go black, the private room door was pushed open again without warning. On the heels of that, a young man in casual clothes strutted in briskly. Tavion's eyes lit up the second he saw him. He rushed forward and grabbed the hem of his pants like a drowning man clutching at straws. "Please save me, Mr. York!"

Preston was taken aback to have a man covered in blood throwing himself at him out of the blue. But when he had finally made out the person's identity, a flash of surprise glinted in his eyes. "Tavion? How did you end up in such a state? Who did this to you?"

"You've got to save me, Mr. York! Someone wants to kill me!" Tavion grasped at the hem of his pants tightly, refusing to loosen his grip no matter what.

"Kill you?" Preston sneered upon hearing that, a flicker of disdain creeping onto his features.

"Are you serious? Who would dare kill someone in Emphyrean Palace unless he has a death wish?"

Emphyrean Palace belongs to Luna, the Dark Widow! This is her turf! Only those who are sick of living would dare kill someone on her turf!

"Let me see who's so gutsy to kill someone in Emphyrean Palace!" Right after saying that,

Preston raised his eyes and looked over at Jonathan, drawling, "Kid, is it you who want to kill someone at Emphyrean Palace?"

"Buzz off!" Jonathan warned in an icy voice.

"What did you just say? I didn't mishear you, did I?" In a flash, Preston's expression

contorted into a mask of rage. "You ordered me to buzz off? Do you know who I am?"

"No, and I'm not interested in knowing either." A trace of impatience shone in Jonathan's

eyes. "I'm only giving you a minute. If you're still here after a minute has passed-

"What will you do, then?" Preston cut him off before he had finished speaking. "Why, are you planning to beat me up as well? Kid, you dare to make a move against me before you had even asked around about my identity? Mark my words that you won't be walking out of Empyrean Palace alive today if you dare harm even a hair on my head!" Hah! Tavion might be afraid of him, but not me! Tavion is nothing, just a nouveau riche who had only recently made a name for himself. But I, on the other hand, am the heir of the York family, one of the four prominent families in Jazona! Would anyone dare to raise a hand against me? Well, unless he has a death wish!

"Oh, really?" At his threat, Jonathan swept a nonchalant glance over him before countering,

"Then, I'll just wait and see how you're going to stop me from walking out of Empyrean Palace alive!"

As his words rang out, he stepped forward and kicked the man in the stomach.

Following that blow, Preston's weak and flimsy body instantly flew out like a kite with a

snapped string and hit the private room door heavily.

A thud then reverberated around the room.

His legs immediately went weak, and he dropped to his knees before Jonathan.

The Legendary Man Chapter 137

Chapter 137 You Are Being Too Garrulous

"How dare you hit me, kid?" Preston remained on his knees on the ground with shaky legs

while clutching his stomach. Even at that very moment, he still couldn't quite believe that

someone actually dared to get physical with him.

Someone actually dared hit me, the heir of the York family, in Jazona?

“That kick was just a warning to you. If you dare poke your nose into this matter, I don’t mind killing you, too!” Jonathan’s face was devoid of emotion, and the look in his eyes as he regarded the man was as though the latter’s death was near at hand. “Do you know who I am? I’m Preston York, the heir of the York family! Would you dare kill me?” Preston glared at him with eyes blazing scarlet.

I’m dead certain that he only dared make a move against me because he had no idea about my identity! If he knows who I am, would he still dare do the same? Well, unless he’s sick of living!

“What’s so great about the York family? If the York family dares to meddle in this matter, I’ll wipe it out of existence as well!” Jonathan declared coldly. It’s just the insignificant York family in Jazona. I can obliterate it anytime with a simple order!

Oh my God, he’s truly off his rocker! He’s stark raving mad! Almost everyone there felt that he was out of his head when they heard his audacious statement.

Wipe the York family out of existence? Has he got a screw loose? Does he really know the status of the York family in Jazona? It’s one of the four prominent families in Jazona and has been rooted in the city for decades! It wouldn’t be an easy task even if the governor of Jazona, Kingstone Warhol, wanted to do that, much less him! Who does he think he is? The King of War, Zachary Lint? Or Asura himself?

“Wipe the York family out of existence? Kid, I didn’t mishear you, no?” Surprisingly, Preston wasn’t at all enraged to hear that. Instead, he guffawed. “In all these years, you’re the first person who dared say such a thing to me!”

“Is that so? That’s because you’ve never met me in the past!” Not in the mood to waste his breath with him, Jonathan gave him another swift kick. A thud sounded as Preston’s body slammed against the private room door once more. Spat! He coughed up a mouthful of blood. Then, he struggled up from the ground while clutching his stomach. Gritting his teeth, he glowered at Jonathan and vowed, “Kid, you’ll definitely die a horrific death! I promise you that!”

Ever since young, no one had ever dared to treat me in such a manner! As the heir of the York family, it had always been me beating others up! No one had ever raised a hand against me!

“Did I say that you could get up?” Jonathan’s gaze went chilly, striking such fear into Preston that his legs went weak, and he unwittingly dropped to his knees before the man with a thud.

Never once in his life had he ever seen such a strong sense of oppression as reflected in the man’s eyes right then.

“It seems that you’re determined to interfere in this matter, yes?”

Staring down at the man

kneeling on the ground, Jonathan stated glacially, “All right, I’ll grant you that opportunity, then. I’ll see whether the York family can save you and Tavion.”

When he had said that, he surprisingly didn’t continue stalking forward. Instead, he went

back to his seat and casually lit a cigarette.

Eyeing Preston and Tavion dispassionately, he drawled, “I’m giving you an opportunity now.

You can make however many calls you like and call anyone over. I’ll see whether there’s

anyone in Jazona who can save you both!”

He’s allowing us to make calls and even call anyone over?

The second Preston and Tavion heard that, their eyes lit up. Conversely, the few people standing behind Jonathan gazed at him as though he was an idiot. What a fool! Sure enough, he's a moron! Not only is he foolish, but he's even arrogant! If it were just the people in this private room now, no one could save them even if he wanted to kill them. Even if the York family were to rush over, they couldn't possibly be any faster than he is to act! As long as they couldn't leave this room, they would be up the creek without a paddle with no one to come to their rescue. But once they were given a chance to contact people outside this room, death would be imminent for him! Regardless of whether it's the York family that is one of the four prominent families in Jazona or the vast connections Tavion amassed in the city throughout the years, someone like him was no match for neither! After all, his company had gone

bankrupt a few years ago, and he even owed a shedload of debts. As long as they were given the opportunity, they've got a hundred ways to beat him at his game!

"Kid, you said that, so don't go about regretting it!" Upon hearing that, Preston called home right away. A moment later, an age-weathered voice sounded from the other end of the phone. "Hello, Pres?"

"Grandpa, I'm at Emphyrean Palace, and someone has beaten me up! He even said that he wanted to kill me and wipe the York family out of existence! Come and save me, quick!"

Preston cried out into the phone as soon as the call was connected. "What did you just say? Wipe the York family out of existence?" A hint of fury colored the voice on the other end of the phone when the person heard that. "I didn't hear you wrongly,

did I? Who was so conceited to say that?"

"I don't know who he is! I only know that he wants to kill me! Quick, come and save me, Grandpa!"

"Tell him to just wait. I'll be there right away!"

The call was then disconnected with a snort. After making the call, Preston stared at Jonathan while on his knees on the ground as though the man was moments away from certain death.

You're so dead, kid!

As part of the York family, he was all too familiar with his grandfather's temper. From the phone call earlier, he could distinctly sense that the man was livid.

"Kid, I can give you a chance before my grandfather arrives. If you get on your knees and grovel before me now, calling me your lord and master, I can consider sparing you. I'll merely break both your legs. However, it won't be that simple anymore when my grandfather arrives!"

In the blink of an eye, he again regarded Jonathan condescendingly. In his eyes, the man was no different than someone with his neck on the chopping block.

"You're being too garrulous!" Jonathan's gaze turned wintry, instantly terrifying him so badly that he hastily stumbled back several steps and almost knocked into the door.

But at that exact moment, someone abruptly swung open the private room door once more.

In the next instant, a group of police officers barged in, followed by an elderly man in plain clothes. No sooner had they entered the room than the man demanded, "Who called for the police?"

"Me!"

The moment she caught sight of the police, Tavion's secretary, who had gone as pale as a



sheet, immediately stepped forward.

“It was you who lodged a police report?” Looking at her sternly, the elderly man questioned,

“On the phone just now, you said someone wants to commit murder in Empyrean Palace, right? Who was it?”

“It was him!”

Tavion’s secretary pointed at Jonathan without a second’s delay.

The elderly man reflexively cast his gaze in the direction she was pointing, only to be

greeted by the sight of Jonathan. At once, his expression changed. “It’s you?”

Good Lord! It’s him! It’s the bane of my life again!

As soon as his eyes landed on Jonathan, he recognized him at a single glance.

Last night, it was because of him that my deputy police chief was detained by the Divine

Dragon Guards! Even now, that man is still in custody! And it was also because of him that

I’m now under investigation and will even likely be dismissed!

The Legendary Man Chapter 138

Chapter 138 Do Not Ask For Trouble

When Jonathan heard the voices, he instinctively glanced over.

After doing so, his brows knitted together.

Why is it him again? Are there no other police officers in Jazona?

“What exactly is happening here, Mr. Goldstein?” In the face of Jonathan, Rhett inexplicably

felt a touch unnerved.

As the police chief, few can intimidate me in the whole of Jazona that I’d feel daunted and

lose all courage. Yet, he happens to be one of them! Even the top dog of the Divine Dragon

Guards, Thierry, didn’t dare utter a single word of protest before him.

What am I, a mere

police chief, in comparison? I’ll lose my position if I dare go against him!

“Can’t you see what’s going on here?” Jonathan replied airily.

“Ah, this is a misunderstanding! This is definitely a misunderstanding!

How could Mr.

Goldstein possibly commit murder?" Since Jonathan refused to help him out, he could only make up an excuse himself.

Alas, before he had even finished speaking, Tavion's secretary screeched at the top of her lungs, "It's no misunderstanding! I witnessed him beating Mr. Callahan up to within an inch of his life with my own eyes and he almost killed him! How could it be a misunderstanding? Quick, arrest him and take him to the police station!"

While she was petrified in the face of Jonathan, who shattered Mike's leg without an ounce of hesitation, that she didn't dare utter a single word, she was no longer afraid since the police were here.

Her confidence had returned in a trice.

"Are you instructing me here?" Rhett's expression promptly darkened at her commanding

tone. "Do I need you to teach me how to do my work?"

"How dare you?" Tavion's secretary grew so furious that her face contorted into a mask of

fury. "What kind of attitude is this? Do you believe that I'll call and lodge a complaint against you to the police chief?"

"Do you want to lodge a complaint against me? Well, just go ahead. I'm the police chief!"

Rhett hadn't any avenue to vent his anger, so her action was tantamount to volunteering herself to be his punching bag.

If there weren't so many people looking on, I'd whirl around and leave right this instant! I

inadvertently stuck my oar in his affairs yesterday, and I almost got dismissed from my position! Would I dare make the same mistake again?

"You're the police chief, you said? I'm Preston York, a member of the York family!" Preston,

who was slumped at a corner near the door, exclaimed all of a sudden. Preston York?

Rhett frowned upon hearing that.

The heir of the York family, Preston York? While I've never seen him, I've heard of his name.

He's a notorious playboy with a legendary reputation in Jazona. Why is he here?

"I can testify that there's no misunderstanding here! He indeed has the intention of

committing murder here, and he almost killed me!" Throwing him a frosty look, Preston

added, "Do you see the injuries on me? It was all thanks to him!"

What? He beat Preston up?

Rhett's eye twitched when he heard that.

Dear Lord, he even dares to go against someone from the four prominent families? Worse

still, he beat up the heir of the York family? Does he have a death wish?

Or is he sick of

living? Everyone in Jazona knows the influence of the York family! If he provoked them, even

the mayor of Jazona wouldn't be able to save him, let alone an insignificant police chief like

me!

Caught between the devil and the deep blue sea, Rhett wore a frightfully grim expression on

his face. Just then, Jonathan, who had been keeping mum, abruptly seconded, "He's right.

There's indeed no misunderstanding here. I want to kill him, and it was also me who inflicted

the injuries on him!"

What?

In an instant, Rhett's legs went weak in fright.

He actually admitted to it? Worse still, he did so in front of so many people here?

For a moment, he was seized by the urge to slap himself across the face.

Da\*n it! Why did I have to get involved in this? Now, even I can't save him anymore. What can

I do when he has admitted to it himself?

"Uh, Mr. Goldstein..." Noticing that everyone there had their gazes fixated on him, he could

only bite the bullet and reproach, “Mr. Goldstein, murder is against the law!”

“So what?” Arching an eyebrow, Jonathan turned to him and announced, “I’m going to kill Tavion Callahan today, and no one can save him! If the York family dares to butt into this matter, I’ll obliterate them! And if you dare do the same, I’ll have you sacked!”

Have the police chief sacked?

When his words fell, almost everyone there felt that he had gone out of his mind.

Who does he think he is? Does he think he’s Zachary Lint or Kingstone Warhol? In the whole of Jazona, only two people dare say such a thing—one is the governor of Jazona, Kingstone

Warhol, and the other is the King of War, Zachary Lint! This punk is a nobody, yet he dares make such a proclamation?

After hearing that, Preston couldn’t help sneering, “Hah! How arrogant, kid! Obliterate the York family and have the police chief sacked? I’ll just wait and see how you’re going to accomplish either of that!”

Having said that, he eyed Rhett coldly and thundered, “Why are you still standing around? Hurry up and arrest him! Or does the police merely takes the citizen’s money without doing anything? Didn’t you hear him insulting you?”

Insulting me? I don’t find it insulting at all! Even the top brass of the Divine Dragon Guards was all deferential in front of him and hardly dared to breathe. What’s a small police chief like me in comparison? It’ll just take a single word from him for me to be given the boot!

“I think there must be some misunderstanding here. Why don’t we resolve it first?” Left with no other recourse, Rhett could only steel his resolve and turn to wave a dismissive hand at

his subordinates, ordering, "Go out first!"

"Yes, Chief Barnstone!"

Following that order, the group of police officers left the private room without any hesitation.

When they had left, Rhett continued forging on and shifted his gaze to Jonathan. "Mr.

Goldstein--"

"If you want to keep your nose out of this, stand there and keep your mouth zipped. Don't

ask for trouble!" Jonathan interrupted him mid-sentence.

He could tell that the man obviously didn't want to get involved in the mess, and he didn't

want to waste his breath with him either.

"Understood, Mr. Goldstein!" Upon hearing that, Rhett instantly retreated as though he had

been granted amnesty and hid in the corner wordlessly.

At the sight of the scene unfolding right before their eyes, incredulity manifested on the

faces of everyone there.

How is this possible? The police chief didn't even dare utter a single word of protest before

him? And simply because he said not to intervene in the matter, he truly followed his order

to the letter? Could it be that he has some hidden identity?

In a flash, that question popped up in their minds.

The Legendary Man Chapter 139

Chapter 139 The Patriarch Of The York Family

That's impossible!

Tavion didn't believe that Jonathan could have some hidden identity.

I know him all too well! After the company went bankrupt back then, he owed a boatload of

debts and was even hunted down by the loan sharks! If he really has some hidden identity,

how could he possibly have been pursued for an entire year? Just look at him! He's so broke

that he can't even afford to buy a set of decent clothes. Also, he has never even ridden in a

Rolls-Royce. How could he be some anonymous big shot?

“Kid, it seems that I’ve underestimated you!” While everyone was still wondering about Jonathan’s hidden identity, Preston threw him an icy look and drawled, “I never thought that you’d have a few tricks up your sleeve that even the police chief doesn’t dare interfere in your affairs! But so what? Compared to the York family, you’re still no more than an ant!” Rhett was a mere police chief, so he truly didn’t take him seriously. Compared to the York family, what’s an inconsequential police chief?

“In my eyes, the York family is likewise no more than an ant!” Indifference was written all over Jonathan’s face. Even the four prominent families in Jazona are merely bigger ants in my eyes, not to mention the lone York family! When Preston saw that, disdain promptly marred his features. “Hah! I hope you can still say that when my grandfather arrives later instead of throwing yourself down before me on your knees and begging me to spare you! If that happens, I’ll be utterly disappointed in you!” He could seemingly imagine the scene whereby the man would fall to his knees before him like a dog and beg him to spare him after his grandfather arrives in a while. Regretfully, Jonathan didn’t even spare him a single glance. He’s just an ant, so there’s no point in me wasting my breath! As time ticked by, the entire private room was wholly silent. Everyone was awaiting the arrival of the patriarch of the York family, for they seemingly felt that there was only one way things would end once the man arrived—Jonathan would die a gruesome death! Truth be told, they were anticipating the show, so much so that they would insist on staying even if they were allowed to leave right then.

All of them were eager to see how Jonathan was going to meet his end later.

Would he end up with his limbs chopped off and fed to the fishes in the Goda River? Or

would he be hanged from the roof of Empyrean Palace under the scorching sun for three

days and nights before being buried in a hole somewhere?

Just as everything was still and silent in the private room, a bang suddenly split the air as

the room door was kicked open from the outside.

On the heels of that, more than a dozen men in black suits stormed in.

Following behind them was an elderly man with gray hair in traditional attire.

He held a cane with a dragon head in his hand, and every step he took appeared exceedingly

weak. It was as though he would keel over and die anytime.

Despite him looking so frail that he seemed to have a foot in the grave, no one there dared

to underestimate him.

After all, he was the current patriarch of the York family, Hunter York!

In the past few decades, he had been the one who led the York family into making a name

for themselves in Jazona and kept them standing firm throughout the years. Furthermore,

he even safeguarded their position as one of the four prominent families in Jazona, a fact

that hadn't changed in decades.

"Grandpa!"

Preston's eyes lit up the moment spotted Hunter, and he cried out to him.

"Hmm." Hunter merely nodded placidly upon hearing that.

It wasn't until he noticed the blood all over the man and the bruise on his face that an

imperceptible flash of wrath glinted in his eyes. "Who did this to you?"

"It was him!" At his question, Preston pointed at Jonathan at once.

"Grandpa, it was him

who beat me up! He even said that he'll wipe the York family out of existence!"

“What a useless piece of trash! You’re a member of the York family, yet you allowed a snot-nosed kid to walk all over you! You’ve truly embarrassed the York family!” Snorting, Hunter banged the cane in his hand hard. Preston was stricken that he flinched even as a glimmer of fear flashed across his face. “Grandpa, I—” “Okay, I don’t need any excuses from you! Get on your knees!” With a single reprimand from the man, Preston fell to his knees before him with a thud, not daring to utter a single word of protest. Ever since young, this grandfather of his was the person he feared most.

“I’ll deal with you when we get home!” Hunter grunted at the sight of the man kneeling on the ground. Then, he turned and looked at Jonathan, whom Preston pointed out. “It was you who beat my grandson up?” “Yes, it was me. He likes to meddle in other people’s business, so I showed him the consequences of being nosy!” Jonathan replied blithely. “Hmph!” Hunter harrumphed when he heard that, and a gleam of fury flashed across his face. “Why were you, an outsider, teaching him a lesson when he’s part of the York family? Even if he’s in the wrong, it should be me doing the teaching. What right do you have to do so?” “If you dare poke your nose into my affairs, I’ll teach you a lesson as well, not to mention him!” Jonathan remarked in a mild voice. “What did you just say?” Hunter was apoplectic after hearing the man’s audacious threat. “You’ll even teach me a lesson as well? You’re really arrogant and insolent, young man! I heard from Pres that you even want to wipe the York family out of existence?” “So what if I do?” Jonathan quirked an eyebrow.



“It seems that I’ve indeed gotten up in years that many people have forgotten how the York family gained a foothold in Jazona! Now, even a snot-nosed kid dares to walk all over the York family!” Hearing his remark, Hunter shook his head even as a murderous gleam shone in his eyes. “I suppose this is a good thing as well. It’s been years since I’ve last taken a life, so you can be the first in many years! It’ll also show everyone in Jazona that I’m still alive and kicking, and the York family is still standing firm!” After saying that, he didn’t want to yak with Jonathan further, so he waved a hand and ordered, “Go and break his limbs! Remember to keep it clean without making things too gory. I’m up in years, so I can’t stomach seeing too much blood.” “Understood!” With that order, that dozen or burly men in black suits instantly swarmed toward Jonathan.

At the scene transpiring before their eyes, everyone there was filled with excitement and dared not even blink in fear that they might miss something. Preston and Tavion, especially, could already seemingly picture the scene whereby all of Jonathan’s limbs were broken later. Nonetheless, Jonathan didn’t even bother sparing the men a single glance even as they drew increasingly closer. Instead, he lowered his head and picked up his teacup. After taking a small sip of tea, he commented, “I told you not to interfere in this matter, but you just wouldn’t listen. In that case, there isn’t any need for the York family to exist in this world anymore!”

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Chapter 140 A Bunch Of Useless Creatures

Having said that, Jonathan flicked his wrist.

At once, the teacup in his hand flew out and smacked Hunter in the face hard.

Subsequently, a crash pierced the air. The teacup fell to the ground and shattered into

pieces. At the same time, there was a bloody mark on Hunter's face.

"Kill him! I want him dead!" As Hunter clapped a hand over the cut on his face from the

teacup shard, his eyes blazed scarlet, and he was seemingly moments away from going off

the deep end. It was as though he had suffered some great humiliation.

"Understood, Old Mr. York!"

Following that order, the dozen or so burly men in black proceeded to surround Jonathan

without a second's delay.

It was clear as day that they were all trained ex-military personnel. In

fact, they might even

possibly be retired special forces.

"The lot of you want to kill me? You're about to be disappointed, then."

Jonathan snorted at

the sight of the men caging him in. Flicking his wrist, he slammed a hand against the table.

In an instant, the teacups on the table flew into the air, tea spilling everywhere. Gently

catching a drop of water with his right hand, he flicked it hard.

Immediately, a transparent thread extended from the drop of water.

With a whizz, it then

slammed into the chest of one of the burly men in black at lightning speed.

Whizz!

Before anyone could even discern his movements, the drop of water promptly penetrated

the man's body.

In the next moment, blood dripped from the man's chest.

Thud!

A muffled thud sounded, and the man fell to his knees on the ground while clutching his

chest.

"You-"

The man was just about to say something when he was abruptly cut off by a spurt of blood out of his mouth. In the end, he dropped dead in a pool of blood before he could even say anything.

The water had been transformed into a weapon, and a mere drop of water could kill.

Although it was just a drop of water, it was even faster than a bullet and sharper than a sword.

The drop of water could easily penetrate a piece of steel, much less a mere burly man in black.

Jonathan had long since mastered that skill.

Not long after he broke into the military camp, he had started practicing the Ancient Sacred

Dragon Technique and had now been training in it for more than three years.

If I can't even control a small drop of water, what right do I have to be Asura and dominate the nation?

"How useless! What a worthless piece of trash!" At the sight of the burly men in black lying in a pool of blood, Hunter roared, "Why are you all still standing around? Hurry up and kill him!"

He was so incandescent that his eyes blazed scarlet, yet none of the dozen or so men dared to take a step forward. Instead, they were seemingly inclined to retreat. Verily, they feared Jonathan greatly.

Is he really human? He can kill someone with a single drop of water!

With the dozen or so of

us, the cup of tea is probably enough to kill us all!

"Da\*n it! You're all a bunch of useless creatures!" Seeing that the dozen of burly men in

black were all standing there with none of them daring to make a single move, Hunter

became so pissed off that his hand trembled. “What’s the use of me employing the lot of you if you can’t even finish off a snot-nosed kid? Get him!” Upon seeing that he was truly infuriated, the dozen or so burly men in black looked at each other. Then, they steeled their resolve and charged at Jonathan. Even if it means our death, we’ve got to make a move today! There’s no other choice since we’re paid to do so! “You’re asking for it!”

Jonathan’s gaze went glacial. Shooting to his feet, he streaked out before they had even reached him and leaped into the air. As his fist shot out, a resounding bang split the air. The nose bridge of the burly man in black at the front was shattered with a blow from him. Blood gushed out of the man’s nostrils, down the corners of his mouth and clothes. In the end, his eyes rolled back into his head, and he collapsed in a pool of blood. The dozen or so ex-military personnel didn’t even manage to last more than a minute at Jonathan’s hand. In less than a minute, the dozen or so burly men in black were all lying limply on the ground in a broken heap. Not a single one of them remained standing. At the sight of the scene before their eyes, not only was Hunter incredulous, but almost everyone there wore expressions of disbelief. How could that be? How could he possibly be so skilled at fighting? As part of the York family, Hunter knew their combat prowess all too well. They were all ex-military personnel I specially hired from the military base itself, and there were even retired special forces among them! They’re used to undertaking executing missions abroad, their hands stained with blood after having taken countless lives! Yet, they

couldn't even hold out for a minute when it came to him? How is that possible?

"W-Who exactly are you?" He stared at Jonathan intently, and even his lips were quivering

slightly. By then, he had finally realized that the man was no easy prey.

"The person who is going to wipe the York family out of existence!"

Regarding him placidly,

Jonathan asserted, "I told you not to meddle in this affair, but you simply wouldn't listen.

Since you're determined to court death, I'll grant you your wish!"

After saying that, he stepped over the dozen of burly men in black who were all lying on the

ground and strolled toward the man.

As he drew all the closer, Hunter felt his knees knocking together. Still, he kept his gaze

glued on the man and demanded, "W-What do you want?"

"What do you think?" Casting him a frosty glance, Jonathan bellowed,

"Get down on your

knees!"

The second his voice rang out, Hunter's legs abruptly went weak, and he fell to his knees

before the man with a thud.

In a trice, everyone's expressions changed.

No one expected the high and mighty patriarch of the York family to actually drop to his

knees before Jonathan.

"How dare you, kid?" Hunter was so mortified that his face flushed bright red.

Argh! What a humiliation! This is simply the greatest shame ever!

Even he himself had no idea why his legs uncontrollably gave out on him.

I'm the patriarch of the York family, yet I kneeled before a snotty-nosed kid before so many

people here? If this gets out, how am I going to show my face in public in the future?

"Is that all the York family is capable of? If that's so, I'm truly disappointed!" Sweeping a

nonchalant glance over Hunter and Preston, who were both on their knees in front of him,  
Jonathan urged, "If you've got other tricks up your sleeve, just unleash them all at once!"  
"Hmph! Did you think that's all? Then, you've truly underestimated the York family!" Hunter snorted coldly. All of a sudden, he whipped out a gun from somewhere and pointed it right at the man, declaring, "Kid, I admit that I indeed underestimated you previously. But so what if you're skilled at fighting? Can you beat a bullet?"  
As the patriarch of the York family, if I had only relied on the dozen or so burly men in black, I would've probably died time and again. Countless people want to kill me in the whole of Jazona, after all. If I don't have any means to protect myself, I can't possibly be still alive now!

The Legendary Man Chapter 141

Chapter 141 Really Dare To Shoot

"Kill him, Grandpa!" Preston couldn't help shouting as soon as he saw Hunter whipping out a gun.

He was gripped by the urge to snatch the gun away from his grandfather and shoot

Jonathan dead.

Never had I suffered such humiliation ever since young! And the mortification is so great

that I don't think I'll be appeased even if I shoot him ten times over!

"Kill him? Isn't that too easy for him?" Hunter eyed Jonathan with a sneer and announced,

"We should first break his legs before breaking his arms. Won't it be even more tormenting

for him to keep him in such agonizing pain that he wishes for death?"

"Yes! We should torture him! We must torture him to the point that death would be a mercy!"

Preston's features were contorted by cruelty.  
Everyone there stared at Jonathan icily at that moment. It was as though he had already been sentenced to death in their eyes.  
Tavion, especially, looked at him with a smirk playing on his lips. "Aren't you skilled at fighting, Jonathan? Why are you not doing so anymore? Didn't you even say that you wanted to kill me? Why have you stopped now?"  
"As I said, you're just an ant. As an ant, you've got to have the corresponding self-awareness!"

This time, Tavion was finally feeling invincible.  
However, Hunter didn't notice Rhett eyeing him at the side as though he was an idiot.  
Well, he actually dared whip out a gun in front of Mr. Goldstein? Does he have a death wish?  
Or is he sick of living? Back then, I saw with my own eyes how the dozen or so police officers with guns in their hands were all soundly trounced by him. Even a dozen professional police officers weren't his match, yet he wants to try when he already has a foot in the grave? He's just asking for it!  
"Have you all finished talking?" Despite the smug look in their eyes as they regarded him, Jonathan swept a blithe gaze over them all before stating, "If so, you can go and meet your maker!"  
When his words fell, he moved at lightning speed.  
Hunter merely saw a black figure flashing past before pain shot through his wrist. He couldn't even see Jonathan's movements clearly, but the gun in his hand had already ended up in the man's hand instead.  
When he snapped back to his senses, the muzzle was already pointed at his head.

“Who gave you the guts to whip out a gun before me?” The black gun spun several times in Jonathan’s hand, but the muzzle never left Hunter’s head. From the very day I accidentally broke into the military camp three years ago, I’ve been no stranger to heavy gunfire. What’s more, my hands are stained with the blood of innumerable lives! Is he sick of living that he dared to whip out a gun in front of me? At almost the same time, everyone there jolted back to reality, but they all couldn’t quite believe their eyes. The gun was unmistakably in Old Mr. York’s hand the previous second. How did it end up in his hand in the blink of an eye? How did he do that?

When the muzzle of the gun was pointed at him, a trace of defeat manifested on Hunter’s face at long last. “It seems that I’ve still underestimated you. I’ve always thought that you’re just a snot-nosed kid who’s ignorant and arrogant, but it looks like I was wrong.”

Studying Jonathan intently, he demanded, “Well? Who exactly are you? And why did you lure me here today?”

“Lure you? Who do you think you are?” Upon hearing that, Jonathan looked at him coldly.

“You think too highly of yourself!”

“Are you not here because of me?” Hunter’s expression promptly changed.

In his opinion, Jonathan was either a professional assassin or retired special forces.

Otherwise, it made no sense that someone of his caliber would get into a conflict with his grandson.

I know my own grandson all too well! He’s just a rich playboy, so how could he possibly offend a professional assassin like him? The only possibility is that this is a trap in the first place, one specially designed for me!



“As I’ve said, you think too highly of yourself!” Glancing at him airily, Jonathan reminded,  
“I’ve long since warned you not to butt into this matter, but you were too obstinate to heed my warning. Therefore, I’ve got no choice but to send you across the great divide!”  
Following his words, a click sounded as he cocked the gun. A second before he was going to pull the trigger, Hunter’s expression abruptly changed. He was still scheming inwardly with disdain written clear on his face earlier, but a flicker of fear flashed across his eyes right then.  
“Wait! Since you’re not here because of me, there’s no unresolvable conflict between us! If it was just my grandson having offended you, I’m willing to apologize on his behalf. Feel free to propose whatever stipulation you like, for I’ll agree to anything at all!”  
Ultimately, he chose to give in.

Given the choice between giving in and dying, he still chose the former at the end of the day.  
What’s embarrassing about giving in? As long as I get to live, I wouldn’t even hesitate if he wants me to fall to my knees before him and apologize, let alone doing such an easy thing as caving to him!  
“You’ll agree to whatever stipulation I propose?” Hearing that, Jonathan eyed him impassively and drawled, “What if my stipulation is to have the two of you depart this life?”  
“Are you making a fool of me?” At once, Hunter’s expression darkened and became frightfully grim. “You’d better stop while you’re ahead, kid! If you kill me, you won’t get anything. Instead, you’ll even be hunted by the York family! Considering the York family’s influence, I’m afraid you won’t be able to leave Jazona alive after killing me!”

“Ah, really? Then, I’d truly like to see whether I can leave Jazona alive after killing you!” Right after saying that, Jonathan didn’t bother yakking with him anymore. He pulled the trigger in short order. A bang pierced the air, upon which a golden bullet shot out at lightning speed.

It went right through Hunter’s right leg.

As excruciating pain assailed his right leg, Hunter dropped to his knees before Jonathan.

That scene instantly struck stark fear into everyone there that the color drained from their faces.

Tavion’s secretary, especially, went as pale as a sheet.

I never thought that he’d actually dare to fire a shot! That’s the patriarch of the York family, one of the four prominent families! Yet, he dared to shoot him? Does he really have a death wish?

“Grandpa!” Preston cried out frantically when he heard the gun going off, jolting in fright.

Nonetheless, he didn’t dare take a step forward. In fact, he didn’t even dare twitch a single muscle.

“You really dare to shoot me, kid?”

Hunter’s eyes bore into Jonathan, his gaze carrying a murderous intent that bordered on fanatical.

“Did you think I was joking with you?” Jonathan threw him a chilly glance and declared,

“Didn’t you say earlier that you wanted to break my legs first before breaking my arm? In that case, I’ll return it to you in the same manner!”

After he had said that, he pulled the trigger again. Another bang rang out, and the bullet went through the man’s other leg.

The Legendary Man Chapter 142

Chapter 142 What An Ignorant Fool

On the heels of that, an agonized wail split the air.

Both of Hunter's legs were maimed by Jonathan.  
However, none of the people there dared to utter a single protest.  
Even Preston cowered in the corner despite the sight before him, not even daring to move an inch.  
"You'll definitely die a horrific death, kid! The York family will never let you off the hook!"  
Hunter shot daggers at Jonathan as he knelt in the pool of blood. The look in his eyes was so menacing that it was as though he wanted to skin the man alive.

Unfortunately, looks couldn't kill.  
Otherwise, he would have ripped the man to ribbons time and again ages ago.  
"Do you think the York family will still exist after you die?" Sneering, Jonathan regarded him blithely and reiterated, "To me, the York family is no more than an ant!"  
What? The York family is no more than an ant?  
Upon hearing that, everyone there stared at Jonathan as though they were looking at a moron.  
Who in the whole of Jazona would dare utter such a remark to Hunter York? And who would dare say that the York family, one of the four prominent families, is no more than an ant?  
"Hah! What an ignorant fool!" Hunter snorted at that audacious statement. Regarding Jonathan as though the man would certainly die soon, he asserted, "Kid, I assure you that you'll definitely die a horrific death!"  
"You're blathering too much!" By then, Jonathan was no longer in the mood to listen to those feeble threats. "What other tricks do you still have up your sleeve? If there's nothing left, I'll send you to meet your maker now!"  
After saying that, he swept a placid glance over the three people kneeling on the ground—Hunter, Preston, and Tavion.  
In the blink of an eye, their faces went ashen.

That went doubly so for Preston. He had never thought that there would come a day when he was forced to his knees like a dog while awaiting his execution when he was the heir of the York family! "I don't want to die! Please don't kill me! I beg you!" he abruptly shrieked at the top of his lungs.

"Shut up!" When his cry reverberated in the room, Hunter's head snapped back, and he glared at him hotly. "The descendants of the York family aren't as cowardly as you! It's just death, no? What's there to fear? Do your worst, kid! I'm a chicken if I even frown!" As things had come to that, he no longer harbored any illusions. Alas, his fear of death didn't apply to Preston. When Preston heard his grandfather's assertion, he instantly burst into tears and howled, "I don't want to die, Grandpa! I'm still young! There are tons of women I haven't slept with and a boatload of money I haven't spent! How could I die?" The second he finished saying that, he prostrated himself before Jonathan on his knees and groveled without delay, "Please spare me, Mr. Goldstein! Just consider me a clown and let me go, won't you?" "Get up right this instance, you unfilial child!" Hunter was so livid when he saw him groveling that his eyes blazed scarlet. "The York family doesn't have a spineless descendant like you!" "I don't need to have any spine! I just want to live!" Preston remained kneeling on the ground and continued begging for mercy. Regretfully, Jonathan shook his head. "It's too late. I gave you an opportunity, but you didn't appreciate it." Having said that, he slowly raised the gun in his hand.

When Preston noticed his movement, unadulterated fear deluged him, and he shook like a

leaf. "No! Don't kill me!"

No sooner had he said that than a flurry of loud footsteps sounded outside the private room

door out of the blue.

Shortly after, someone unexpectedly pushed open the door from the outside.

"What's going on here? And what's with all the racket? How utterly disgraceful!" As the voice

rang out, a middle-aged man in traditional attire stalked into the room.

He didn't seem all that advanced in age, seemingly only in his fifties.

Behind him, four or five middle-aged men followed in suits and glasses.

But the moment the middle-aged man stepped in, Hunter, who had resigned himself to

death on his knees on the ground, recognized him at a single glance. "Mr. Chandler?"

"Hmm?" When the voice drifted into his ears, the middle-aged man known as Mr. Chandler

reflexively lowered his head and gazed in that direction. As soon as he made out the man

kneeling on the ground, his brows promptly scrunched together. "Old Mr. York? What are you

doing?"

Mr. Chandler?

The instant that name was tossed out, everyone immediately trained their gazes on the

middle-aged man.

In Jazona, the only person known as Mr. Chandler is the secretary-general of the governor's

office, Henry Chandler!

"Mr. Chandler, I..." Hunter's expression was as black as thunder. He was just about to say

something when Preston, who was initially kneeling on the ground, jumped to his feet and

sprinted over to Henry. "Save me, Mr. Chandler! Someone wants to kill me!"

The man's arrival was analogous to a knight in shining armor to Preston, and he rushed over without the slightest hesitation.

"Preston?" Henry frowned slightly upon recognizing the man. "What happened? Who wants to kill you? Calm down and tell me all about it. With me here, no one can kill you."

"Mr. Chandler..." At that precise moment, Tavion, who had been kneeling on the ground for half an hour, likewise called out Henry's name weakly.

"Tavion?" The furrow of Henry's brows deepened at once. "Why are you here as well? What exactly is going on? Why are you all on your knees here?"

"I told them to kneel!" Jonathan declared without warning just when the man's brows were almost permanently drawn together. The minute Henry heard the voice, he cut his gaze at the man. "Who are you?"

"That is of no importance. All you need to know is that you can't interfere in this matter!"

Jonathan hadn't the patience to prattle with him.

"I can't interfere?" At his pronouncement, Henry acted as though he had heard the world's greatest joke.

As the secretary-general of the governor's office and Kingstone Warhol's personal secretary, no one had ever dared to say such a thing to me. Everyone is humble and servile to me, both government officials of all ranks in Jazona and business owners with a net worth of billions or tens of billions! Yet, a snot-nosed kid like him dared speak to me in such an impertinent manner?

"Am I hearing you correctly? Do you know who I am? And are you aware of how many years it had been since someone dared to speak to me so brazenly?" He eyed the man frostily,

drawling, "Is there still any matter in Jazona I can't interfere in? I'll just see whether you're above the law in this place that no one can keep you in line!" Snorting, he no longer paid the man any mind but looked down at Hunter kneeling on the ground, urging, "Just speak freely without any fear, Old Mr. York! With me here, no one will dare harm a hair on your head!"

### The Legendary Man Chapter 143

#### Chapter 143 An Inconsequential Secretary General

As the secretary-general of the governor's office and Kingstone's personal secretary, the power Henry wielded in the whole of Jazona was only second to Kingstone himself.

Even the mayor had to show him respect upon meeting him.

After all, he was the person closest to Kingstone.

"Mr. Chandler, I suspect that he's a professional assassin!" With Henry there, Hunter

instantly grew much bolder. "Not only did he attempt to commit murder, but he even has a

destructive weapon on him! If you'd even arrived a few minutes later, Mr. Chandler, I'm afraid

that you would've missed seeing me for the very last time!"

"He's a professional assassin, you said?" In response, Henry's expression abruptly changed.

"Yes!" Hunter nodded hastily. "Look at my legs, Mr. Chandler! It was him who shot me!"

While saying that, he pointed at his legs that had long since been shot through by bullets.

At the sight of the bullet holes in his legs, the change in Henry's expression intensified.

"How audacious! This is a blatant crime! What is the police in Jazona doing that a

professional assassin managed to sneak into Emphyrean Palace and endanger civilians?

Why is the lot of you standing around and twiddling your thumbs? Hurry up and lodge a police report!"

Right after he had finished speaking, he jerked his head around and glared at the few middle-aged men behind him.

Following his order, the few middle-aged men whipped out their phones to call the police without a single word.

“No, just lodging a police report isn’t sufficient! Apprise the Divine Dragon Guards of the situation and have them deploy the Special Forces for backup. If all else fails, have the

Divine Dragon Guards themselves come personally. Also, notify everyone to seal off

Empyrean Palace immediately! Without my order, no one is allowed to enter or leave!”

As expected of someone accustomed to handling critical matters, nary a trace of panic

showed on Henry’s face despite hearing that Jonathan was a professional assassin.

Instead, he started making all the necessary arrangements to gain control of the situation in an orderly manner.

Alas, the look in everyone’s eyes turned exceedingly strange when they heard him giving the instruction to lodge a police report.

Lodge a police report? Why do so when the police chief is standing right there? What’s the use of doing so? Even the police chief himself dares not intervene in this matter and only

remains a spectator! Yet, he wants to call the police?

“There’s no need to lodge a police report, Mr. Chandler! The police chief is right there!”

Tavion, who had been keeping mum, suddenly piped up.

As he said that, he pointed at Rhett, who was standing in the corner and trying his best to make himself invisible.

“What?” Henry’s face darkened at lightning speed when he heard that. Casting his gaze in



the direction where the man was pointing, he peered at Rhett and demanded, "You're a police chief in Jazona? Which branch are you from?" "Mr. Chandler, I'm Rhett Barnstone, the police chief of Lightspring Police Station..." Seeing that he had been called out, Rhett could no longer pretend that he wasn't there. He could only bite the bullet and speak up.

But before he had even finished speaking, Henry irritably cut him off. "You're the police chief of Lightspring Police Station, yes? Let me ask you this—as a police chief, how could you just watch as a criminal caused grievous bodily harm here? Why didn't you arrest him?"

"I can explain, Mr. Chandler!" Although the man didn't know him, Rhett knew of the man.

After all, few were unaware of the person who was acting as the secretary-general of the governor's office.

"Forget it! You don't need to explain anything." Henry didn't give him any opportunity to explain things, thundering, "Despite being a police chief, you actually banded up with a criminal and aided him in violating the law! I think your time as the police chief is nearing its end. Have your director write me a report on this matter tomorrow. If I'm not satisfied with it, you'll be dismissed from your post!"

He was so enraged that his face flushed bright red.

He's a police chief, yet he merely stood idly by and watched as the professional assassin

carried out his crimes! Worse still, he simply turned a blind eye to Hunter, Tavion, and

Preston kneeling before the man without doing anything! What right does someone like him have to be police chief?

"Understood, Mr. Chandler!" Rage bubbled within Rhett at the man's reprimand, but he didn't

dare utter a single word in protest.  
How I wish to do something as well, but I haven't the capability to do so!  
Even Thierry, the  
top brass of the Divine Dragon Guards, doesn't dare to simply interfere  
in his matter! Would  
I, an insignificant police chief, dare to do so?  
"Hmph!" Henry harrumphed when he saw the man's ingratiating  
demeanor.  
Glancing at the middle-aged men behind him, he commanded, "Notify  
the Divine Dragon  
Guards immediately and have them come personally!"  
"Understood, Mr. Chandler!"

Subsequent to his order, the few middle-aged men behind him promptly  
took out their  
phones and contacted the Divine Dragon Guards.  
At the turn of events unfolding right before his eyes, Tavion couldn't  
help staring at  
Jonathan with a trace of scorn in his eyes.  
Ah, poor you, Jonathan! You weren't my match four years ago, and  
you're still beneath me  
four years later! So what if you've got some hidden identity? And what  
does it matter even if  
you're skilled at fighting? No matter how powerful your identity, could it  
surpass that of the  
secretary-general of the governor's office? And despite being skilled at  
fighting, would you  
be any match for the Divine Dragon Guards? No matter how powerful  
your identity, could  
you trump the secretary-general of Jazona? And could you defeat the  
Divine Dragon  
Guards?  
"Hah! I don't care what kind of background you have or who you've got  
backing you up,  
young man! Don't forget that it's Jazona here, the place where the  
governor's office and the  
King of War Division rule supreme! It's not someplace a snot-nosed kid  
like you can do as

you please!” Henry regarded Jonathan coldly with blatant disdain shining in his eyes.

Hah! He’s most likely the good-for-nothing son of some big shot, flexing his muscles here

with the connections and influence his family possesses! Wealthy heirs who only depend on

their fathers without having anything to show for themselves like him are precisely the kind

of people I despise most in my entire life!

“Are you done yakking?” A flash of impatience flickered in Jonathan’s eyes when Henry

continued to ramble on and on. “You’re Mr. Chandler, yes? As the secretary-general of the

governor’s office, do you not have the most basic ability to tell right from wrong? You’re just

going to believe whatever they say? Don’t you have even the slightest sense of judgment? Is

this how Kingstone usually teaches you?”

“How impudent!” When Henry heard him addressing Kingstone by name, a glimmer of fury

glinted in his eyes. “Who do you think you are that you’re worthy of addressing Mr. Warhol by

name?”

“Why, I can’t address him by name?” Upon hearing that, Jonathan scoffed, “Even if

Kingstone were standing here, he wouldn’t dare have any objections to me calling him by

name, much less an inconsequential secretary-general like you!”

An inconsequential secretary-general?

At that remark, everyone eyed him as though he was an idiot.

That’s the secretary-general of the governor’s office, Kingstone Warhol’s personal secretary!

The man’s authority and status are even more formidable than that of the mayor of Jazona!

Yet, he’s merely an inconsequential secretary-general in his eyes?

The Legendary Man Chapter 144

Chapter 144 An Order

“Do you think you’re worthy of meeting Mr. Warhol himself?” In response to Jonathan’s remark, Henry sneered before asserting, “Young man, I don’t care who you are or the might of the person backing you up! As long as I remain in Jazona, you’ll never have the opportunity to do whatever you wish here!” After saying that, he no longer bothered to bandy words with Jonathan. He turned to the few middle-aged men behind him instead, demanding, “So, have you all contacted the Divine Dragon Guards?” “Yes!” One of the middle-aged men nodded, adding, “They’ll be deploying a team over right away!” “And have you sealed off this place?” Henry continued asking.

“Yes!” The middle-aged man again nodded and reassured, “The manager of Empyrean Palace was very cooperative in sealing off the entire restaurant with no entry or exit allowed. Without your order, no one can leave this place!” “Great!” Henry nodded approvingly after hearing that. Then, he shifted his gaze back to Jonathan and barked, “Young man, did you hear everything I said just now? I’d advise you to put down the gun in your hand and surrender. Otherwise, you might not even have the chance to do so when the Divine Dragon Guards arrive later!” The Divine Dragon Guards are part of the Four Asura Guards and receive their orders straight from Zachary Lint. Even as the secretary of the governor’s office, I can only appeal to them to give me a hand. Besides, they’re not meant to maintain law and order. Instead, they unequivocally take lives whenever they’re deployed! It’s no exaggeration to say that they’re basically ruthless killing machines. Someone like him will probably be riddled with bullet holes in less than a minute when they arrive!

“I heard everything you said just now loud and clear. However, it seems that you hadn’t heard a single word I said.” Jonathan glanced at him airily when he had finished speaking and repeated, “I said that this isn’t something you can poke your nose into.”

“What if I’m determined to do just that?” Snorting, Henry declared, “I just want to see who exactly I can’t afford to offend in Jazona and the matter I’m supposed to be cowed from interfering!”

In the whole of Jazona, there are only three people whom I fear as the secretary-general of the governor’s office—Zachary Lint, Kingstone Warhol, and the head of the Divine Dragon

Guards, Thierry Cloutier! Other than the three of them, who else can I not afford to offend?

“If you insist on intervening, I’ll have no choice but to question Kingstone where he got the guts to butt into my affairs!” In an instant, Jonathan’s gaze went chilly. Even if Kingstone were standing right here, would he dare poke his nose into my business, not to mention an insignificant secretary-general?

“Hah! Did you think Mr. Warhol is someone whom you can meet and question at will?” Henry didn’t take his words seriously at all.

Jazona is a vast place, but few have the right to meet Mr. Warhol. I’ve seen all of those bigwigs and am acquainted with them. Would a snot-nosed kid like him have the right to meet Mr. Warhol? In his dreams!

“You want to question Mr. Warhol, no? Go ahead. I’ll grant you this opportunity. Do you have his phone number? Or do you need me to give it to you?” he drawled, looking at the man coldly.

“What a fool!” Jonathan merely cast him a wintry glance. Not in the mood to jabber with the

man, he took out his phone and rang Zachary up.  
A moment later, Zachary's voice rang out from the other end of the phone. "Mr. Goldstein!"  
"Tell Kingstone to come and see me at Empyrean Palace in ten minutes. If he's even a second late, he doesn't need to do so anymore!" Jonathan ordered in a frigid voice.  
"Understood, Mr. Goldstein!" Zachary didn't bother saying anything superfluous, inquiring,  
"Do you need me to go over as well, Mr. Goldstein?"  
"No, it's okay." Jonathan then hung up.  
Hearing that, everyone looked at him as though he was a simpleton. Henry, especially, couldn't help rolling his eyes.  
Oh wow, continue acting! He's just a snot-nosed kid, yet he dares to order Mr. Warhol to come over in such a commanding tone? Is he not quite right in the head? In the whole of Jazona, only one person dares to speak to Mr. Warhol in such a tone—Zachary Lint. As the secretary-general of the governor's office, I've seen him plenty of times, so I know what the man looks like exactly. Nonetheless, a kid like him who's still clinging to his mother's skirts is putting on an act in front of me? He's still too wet behind the ears!  
"Ten minutes, yes? Fine, I'll give you ten minutes! I'll await Mr. Warhol's arrival with you! We shall see whether he comes after ten minutes!" he sneered as he threw Jonathan a contemptuous look after the man had hung up the phone.

"Don't entertain him, Mr. Chandler! Have people arrest him straight away!" Tavion couldn't help urging when he saw that Henry was actually giving Jonathan another ten minutes.  
Things might change for the worse as time ticks by, and I don't want anything to go wrong!  
"What's the hurry?" Harrumphing, Henry retorted, "Is the Divine Dragon Guards going to teleport here? And can you restrain him alone?"

That riposte instantly rendered Tavion speechless. Indeed, that's true. He even defeated a dozen ex-military personnel without breaking a sweat, so how could we possibly restrain him with our puny strength? Furthermore, he has a gun in his hand. What if he shoots when backed into a corner? "Since he likes to put on an act, I'll just play along with him!" Chuckling coldly, Henry dipped his head and glanced at his watch before adding, "It so happens that I'd like to see who the person backing him up is that he has the guts to tell me that this isn't a matter I can intervene in!"

If he was merely sticking his oar in things after meeting Hunter by coincidence earlier, it was now a matter between him and Jonathan. Since he was making a move against Jonathan, he decided to also eliminate the person backing the man up. As for whoever was right or wrong between Hunter and Jonathan, he wasn't the least bit concerned about the answer. At times, that didn't matter at all for people like them. The most important thing was having the most powerful backer! Time ticked by slowly.

The entire private room was eerily silent. The ten minutes seemingly passed exceedingly slowly. Everyone had their gazes trained on the door, seemingly waiting for something or other. However, they weren't waiting for Kingstone but the Divine Dragon Guards instead. They were waiting for them to shoot Jonathan dead right on the spot as soon as they arrived. After all, they didn't think Kingstone would make an appearance, not believing that Kingstone would come running at an order from Jonathan.

Ultimately, he was the second most powerful person in Jazona as the governor of Jazona.

“It’s almost time. It looks like Mr. Warhol isn’t coming, after all.” When only a few seconds remained of the ten minutes, Henry finally ambled to his feet, not in the mood to continue playing along with Jonathan. But just as his words fell, someone kicked open the private room door.

The Legendary Man Chapter 145

Chapter 145 Kingstone Arrives

Next, the sound of hurried footsteps stomping heavily on the floor could be heard.

It felt as if the ground would shatter beneath their force.

With a loud bang, the door to the private room was kicked open.

A middle-aged man in a military uniform walked in. Behind him were tens of soldiers dressed in military fatigues and armed with heavy weaponry. The moment he entered, his sharp gaze swept through the crowd before he declared, “I’m the captain of Special Forces Team Two under the Divine Dragon Guards. I’m here under orders to provide reinforcements. May I know who Mr. Henry Chandler is?”

The moment he saw the middle-aged captain, Henry’s eyes lit up. He quickly replied, “It’s me!”

“Mr. Chandler, did you contact the Divine Dragon Guards for support?”

The captain glanced at Henry and asked, “What’s so serious that you have to mobilize the Divine Dragon Guards?”

“There’s someone assaulting innocents here on purpose. He’s also in possession of an extremely dangerous weapon. I suspect that he’s an assassin sent from outside the border!”

Henry turned around and gave Jonathan a cold stare. “I propose that you shoot him right



away!”

“An assassin has infiltrated our borders?” The captain’s expression drastically changed.

With a wave of his hand, he ordered, “Everyone, prepare for battle!”

“Yes, Sir!”

Upon his instructions, the soldiers cocked their guns and aimed them at everyone in the

private room.

Even Henry wasn’t excluded.

The soldiers were waiting for their captain’s orders to fire.

“Who among them is the assassin?” the captain asked Henry.

“It’s him!” Henry pointed at Jonathan.

“Hmm?”

The moment he saw Jonathan, the captain’s face flashed with surprise.

To him, Jonathan

was simply too youthful-looking to be an assassin. If Henry hadn’t

pointed him out, the

captain would have thought that Jonathan was a fresh graduate out of university.

“Is he the foreign assassin you’re talking about?” The captain furrowed his eyebrows

slightly. Nevertheless, he adopted a cautious stance and didn’t

underestimate Jonathan just

because of his age.

“That’s right!” Henry nodded and remarked, “Just shoot him on the spot or take him back to

the Divine Dragon Guards’ base. I suggest that you interrogate him

thoroughly, as I suspect

that he’s working with someone on the inside.”

“The Divine Dragon Guards doesn’t need anyone from the governor’s office to teach us how

to do our job!” the captain asserted in response to Henry’s pretentious commands.

The Divine Dragon Guards is under the sole authority of the King of War Division. Therefore,

we only take orders from them. Consequently, the governor’s office has no right to tell us

what to do.

“I’m sorry that I spoke out of turn.” Although Henry was dissatisfied with the captain’s attitude toward him, he had no choice but to suppress his anger. After all, the Divine Dragon Guards only took orders from Thierry and Zachary. Even though Henry was the secretary-general of the governor’s office and Kingstone’s personal secretary, it didn’t mean anything to the Divine Dragon Guards. He was unable to throw his weight around in front of them, unlike how he could before everyone else.

“Hmph!”

Snorting, the captain looked at Jonathan and ordered, “Put down your weapon and raise your hands. Or else, you’ll be executed on the spot!”

That was how the Divine Dragon Guards executed their missions.

Their enemies had the choice to either surrender or die.

“Executed on the spot? Who gave you that order? Zachary or Thierry?”

Even though he heard the captain’s orders, Jonathan couldn’t be bothered to look at him. Instead, he sneered,

“Who ordered you to poke your nose into my business? All of you should get out! If you dare persist, I’ll punish you lot with a week of solitary confinement!”

The moment he spoke, everyone was stunned.

No one had expected Jonathan to admonish the Divine Dragon Guards despite having tens of gun barrels aimed at his head.

They’re the Divine Dragon Guards, for goodness sake! They don’t even need a reason to kill, and yet Jonathan dares to speak to them that way?

“Are you telling us, the Divine Dragon Guards, what to do?” The captain’s expression darkened drastically in response. “What gives you the right to order us around?”

The Divine Dragon Guards only take orders from Thierry and Zachary. Even Kingstone has no authority over us. And yet, a foreign assassin dares to give us orders?

“You should ask Thierry whether I have the right or not!” Jonathan glanced at his watch, not wanting to waste a moment longer. “It’s almost time for this ruckus to end!”

As he finished speaking, Jonathan stood up and looked outside the door. At that very moment, a flurry of footsteps was heard before an elderly man in a suit barged in. Behind him were four or five brawny men in suits. While catching up with him, they yelled, “Mr. Warhol, please slow down. Your body can’t cope with how fast you’re going!”

“Stop wasting my time and step aside!”

With that, Kingstone rushed into the private room. The moment he saw Kingstone, Henry’s expression turned sullen as he hurried forward to receive him. “Mr. Warhol, what brings you here?”

Mr. Warhol?

Everyone was shocked to hear that name.

This elderly man with greying hair is actually Kingstone Warhol, governor of Jazona?

“Mr. Chandler? Why are you here?” The moment he saw Henry, Kingstone was filled with surprise. However, he was in no mood to speak to him. Instead, he simply shoved him aside.

“Out of my way!”

“Mr. Warhol—” Before Henry could say anything, he realized Kingstone had already disregarded him and was walking in Jonathan’s direction instead. At that moment, everyone’s attention shifted from Kingstone to Jonathan.

They still couldn’t believe what was unfolding before them.

Kingstone had actually come on Jonathan’s account.

How is this possible?

After all, Kingstone was the most powerful man in Jazona, second only to Zachary.

How is it that he hurried over within ten minutes, just as Jonathan had instructed?

“Asura, it’s my honor to have you grace us with your presence.”  
The moment he saw Jonathan, Kingstone dropped to his knees without hesitation.  
Why is the mighty governor of Jazona kneeling in front of Jonathan?  
In that instant, everyone felt as if their minds had gone blank. In fact, they couldn’t even believe their eyes.  
The governor of Jazona, Mr. Warhol, is actually kneeling in front of Jonathan?

The Legendary Man Chapter 146

Chapter 146 Meeting Asura

Can this Mr. Warhol be a fake? Perhaps Jonathan paid an actor to masquerade as the governor?

At that very moment, the same thought crossed everyone’s mind. After all, no one could fathom why Kingstone, the governor of Jazona, would want to kneel in deference to Jonathan.

“Do you know why I called you here to see me?” Jonathan asked as he gave Kingstone a dispassionate glance.

“No, I don’t.” Kingstone shook his head.

“Is he the secretary of the governor’s office?” Jonathan inquired as he casually pointed at Henry.

“Yes, he is!”

When Kingstone turned around and shot Henry a glance, it sent a chill down Henry’s spine, causing him to break out in cold sweat.

What a terrifying gaze!

As Kingstone’s personal secretary, Henry could easily read the look in Kingstone’s eyes.

He knew that Kingstone would only give him that look whenever he was angry with him.

“Did he offend you?” Kingstone probed carefully as he looked in Jonathan’s direction.

“Not really.” Jonathan elaborated in an indifferent tone, “All he did was abuse his authority as the secretary-general to mobilize the Divine Dragon Guards. Furthermore, he even ordered them to execute me on the spot.”

“What?”

When he heard Jonathan’s accusations against Henry, Kingstone’s expression fell.

The secretary of the governor’s office deployed the Divine Dragon Guards on his own accord and even ordered them to kill Jonathan? Is he trying to stage a rebellion?

“Kingstone, it seems the governor’s office is getting ahead of itself. Without Zachary’s orders, it has mobilized the Divine Dragon Guards on its own accord and even ordered them to execute me. Do you intend to replace the King of War Division and take over Jazona?”

Jonathan stared at Kingstone coldly. “After a few days, do you also plan to take over Asura’s residence?”

Although Jonathan wasn’t speaking loudly, it was enough to strike fear into Kingstone, to the extent his knees went wobbly.

Even though he was the second most powerful man in Jazona, he was still a lowly governor from Jonathan’s perspective.

A single word from Jonathan was enough to imprison him.

“I’m sorry, Asura. It’s my fault. I’m ready to accept any punishment you mete out.” In front of

Jonathan, Kingstone didn’t dare protest nor defend himself.

After all, a mistake was undoubtedly still a mistake, even if it was his secretary who had committed it.

He didn’t dare retort in any way, as his secretary represented both him and the governor’s office.

Consequently, he had no choice but to accept the responsibility for the mistake, even if he had not personally done it.

“You deserve to be punished!” Jonathan scoffed. “As the governor of Jazona, you can’t even keep a handle on your secretary. How are you going to manage the entire state of Jazona? It seems to me that you no longer deserve to be the governor.”

“Yes, Asura. I admit my mistake!” Just like a child who knew he had done something wrong,

Kingstone didn’t even dare breathe while he knelt in front of Jonathan.

If they hadn’t seen it with their own eyes, no one would believe the person kneeling in front

of Jonathan was Kingstone, the mighty governor of Jazona.

“I don’t want to listen to your nonsense. I’ll give you one minute. Take care of this mess, or

I’ll take care of you.” Not wanting to waste any time, Jonathan gave him one minute.

“Yes!”

Upon Jonathan’s order, Kingstone didn’t dare waste another second.

Getting up at once, he

turned to Henry. “Mr. Chandler? You’re fired! From today onward, you’re no longer the

secretary of the governor’s office.”

Not giving Henry any chance to respond, Kingstone waved his hand and declared, “Men,

capture him and bring him back for questioning. Also, arrange for an investigation into his

activities these past few years to see if he was involved in anything illegal.”

“Right away, Mr. Warhol!”

Without a moment’s hesitation, the few middle-aged men who came in with Kingstone

stepped forward to restrain Henry. When he realized what was about to happen, Henry

dropped to his knees and pleaded with Kingstone, “Mr. Warhol, I’m sorry! I beg of you, please

show me some mercy! Considering that I have worked for you for so many years, I’m sure

my efforts must definitely be worth something. Therefore, please give me another chance!”

“Don’t blame me for this. Instead, you should blame yourself for offending someone you shouldn’t have.” Kingstone didn’t pity Henry at all because he had no illusions as to how he was appointed governor of Jazona.

Without Jonathan’s approval, there was no way he could have been allowed in that position.

“Take him away!” Kingstone gestured with his hand.

Even though Henry was crying out in a pitiful manner, no one paid him any attention.

After all, no one had the guts to go against Kingstone.

“As for the few of them, take them away as well!” Raising his hand, Kingstone pointed at the few middle-aged men who came together with Henry. There was no way he was letting them off the hook.

“Yes, Sir!”

Upon hearing Kingstone’s orders, the arrogant Henry had collapsed onto the ground with an ashen expression.

Not daring to resist, he resigned himself to be taken away by Kingstone’s subordinates.

“You must be the Divine Dragon Guards. You can go back now as I will tie up the loose ends

here,” Kingstone instructed as he looked at the captain for the first time.

“Yes, Sir!”

Given that Kingstone was going to deal with the aftermath and Henry, who had requested their help, had been taken away, the Divine Dragon Guards no longer had any business there.

However, the captain didn’t leave with his men at once. Instead, he suddenly stood at

attention with military precision before dropping to his knees with a thud in front of

Jonathan.

“Captain Liam Galahad of the Divine Dragon Guards Special Forces Team Two, reporting for duty to Asura!”

Reporting for duty to Asura?

The moment Liam finished, everyone present felt as if their mind was blown.

How is this possible? How can Jonathan actually be Asura?

There’s only one Asura in Chanaea—the one who led the Four Asura Guards to defeat all his enemies and united the nation.

Jonathan is Asura? How can that be?

No one could believe it, nor were they willing to do so. Just when they were still mired in shock, all the other Divine Dragon Guards joined their captain on his knees without any hesitation.

“Divine Dragon Guards Special Forces Team Two, reporting for duty, Sir!”

“H-How is this possible?” Everyone present was filled with disbelief at what had just unfolded before them.

Hunter, in particular, was so shocked that he felt as if he had been struck by lightning.

Gaping, he stared blankly at what was going on, unable to accept any of it.

“How is this possible? How can he be Asura?”

The Legendary Man Chapter 147

Chapter 147 Who Else Can Save You

“Get up!”

Waving his hand, Jonathan glanced at the Divine Dragon Guards blithely.

“I’m ready to be punished accordingly for offending you, Sir.” Kneeling on the floor, Liam didn’t dare get up. Recalling what he had said earlier, he could not find the energy to straighten from his position.

He had questioned Jonathan’s right to order the Divine Dragon Guards around.



“You haven’t committed an offense because you weren’t aware of my identity.” Jonathan didn’t hold it against them. The Divine Dragon Guards heaved a sigh of relief at his words.

After all, their behavior earlier was enough for them to be executed on the spot.

They couldn’t believe that they had actually aimed their guns at Asura, which was no different than courting death itself.

“Sir, what should we do with these men?” At that moment, Kingstone pointed at Hunter, Tavion, and Preston.

He obviously recognized Preston as the head of one of Jazona’s four prominent families.

“From today onward, I no longer want to see the York family in Jazona. Do you understand?”

Jonathan gave Kingstone a knowing look.

Upon hearing his words, Hunter felt his vision go dark as he began to feel his head spin.

The York family’s businesses that have been built over decades will disappear with just one word from Jonathan?

“Understood!” Lowering his head, Kingstone replied, “After tonight, the York family will no longer exist in Jazona.”

“Mmm-hmm.”

Jonathan nodded before turning to Tavion. “As for this man, I’ll deal with him myself. There’s no need for you to interfere.”

“Yes, Sir!”

The next moment, Kingstone and the Divine Dragon Guards took a step back to open a path for Jonathan.

Within the huge private room, no one dared to make a sound.

“It’s impossible! How can you be Asura?” Watching Jonathan approach, Tavion sat down and stared blankly into space. He still couldn’t believe what had happened right in front of

his eyes. "Just a few years ago, you were nothing more than a bankrupt b\*stard saddled with immense debts. How did you end up becoming Asura over the last four years? This just cannot be!"

"Since we're on that topic, I have to thank you for it." In response to Tavion's words, Jonathan shot him an indifferent glance. "If you hadn't sent assassins to kill me in the middle of the night, I wouldn't have stumbled into the military barracks by accident, let alone bring peace to the nation and become Asura." "No way! This can't be real!" Despite all that had happened, Tavion was adamant in his refusal to believe that Jonathan was the legendary Asura.

To him, Asura was like a god. After all, he had united the nation and defeated all its enemies within a few short years. There was no way he could connect Asura to Jonathan, whom he had easily cheated and played for the fool back then. "Does it really matter anymore whether I'm Asura or not?" When he saw Tavion mumbling to himself, Jonathan stared at him coldly. "So what if I'm a fake? Who do you think would dare come save you now? Do you think anyone actually can?" From the beginning, Jonathan had declared that no one in Jazona would be able to stop him if he wanted to kill Tavion. However, Tavion hadn't believed him at all. And that was the genesis of the whole commotion. Finally, it was time for it to come to an end. "Jonathan, I'm sorry. I truly regret my actions now!" Without a moment's hesitation, Tavion dropped to his knees in front of Jonathan. "Please give me another chance, all right? I'm really sorry!"

Despite the tears rolling down Tavion's face, Jonathan didn't feel a shred of pity for him at all.

Back then, it was his sympathy for Tavion that caused him to be stabbed in the back.

Once the trust was lost, there was no way one could ever regain it.

"It's too late!" Jonathan shook his head as he swung his black pistol around his finger. Just

when Tavion was about to say something, Jonathan gently pulled the trigger.

With a loud bang, the golden bullet pierced through Tavion's skull.

Tavion didn't even have the chance to defend himself as his body slumped to the ground

with a heavy thump.

His eyes were wide open as if horror was the last thing he felt before losing his life.

As for his mouth, it was still gaping midway, indicating that he still had something to say.

Unfortunately, the opportunity to do so had been taken from him.

Chucking the gun aside, Jonathan turned toward Kingstone and ordered,

"Get someone to clean this up."

Upon receiving his instructions, Kingstone shifted his attention to the middle-aged men

behind him. "The few of you, clear this place up. Also, inform Emyrean Palace that this

place will be locked down for the night, and they're not allowed to continue operating."

"Yes, Mr. Warhol!"

The few middle-aged men quickly went off to do Kingstone's bidding.

"Sir, what should we do about these few men?" After Tavion was killed, Hunter, Preston, the

sexy secretary, and Mike were all still alive.

Until they knew what plans Jonathan had in store for them, they didn't dare move a muscle.

"Release them!" Jonathan waved his hand, not wanting to waste any more of his time on

them. "Also, have all of them investigated. If there are any problems, send them to prison before they cause any more harm in Jazona."

"Yes, Sir!"

Kingstone nodded in acknowledgment.

However, the few of them felt their knees buckle the moment they heard Jonathan's words.

They were filled with the urge to slap themselves for getting on Jonathan's nerves.

After all, despicable people like them probably had a closet full of skeletons.

Once they were investigated, there would be enough evidence to put them behind bars for the rest of their lives.

"Sir, everything has been taken care of. Why don't we head to the governor's office for a chat?" Kingstone finally gathered the courage to say so when he saw that everything was more or less wrapped up.

"No thanks." Jonathan shook his head. "It's getting late, so I need to return home and spend some time with my wife."

He had been out the entire day, and the sky had already turned dark. If he didn't head home soon, he figured that Josephine would likely be angry again.

"You're married?" Kingstone widened his eyes in shock.

Even though he controlled the entire state of Jazona, Kingstone barely knew a thing about Jonathan.

There was no way he would have the audacity to investigate Jonathan's background.

"Mmm-hmm." Nodding his head, Jonathan turned his attention to Liam.

"You should also

save it as I have no time to visit the Divine Dragon Guards. Go back and remind Zachary that

the next time something goes wrong with them, I'll throw him into Northern Crimson Prison for a month!"

“Yes, Sir!”

Liam stood at attention with a solemn look on his face.

“It’s about time now, so I’ll be on my way.” When Jonathan realized it was getting dark, he didn’t want to linger around any longer. However, the moment he was about to leave, his phone suddenly rang.

“Hello, Darling?”

Jonathan’s tone instantly switched from one with murderous intent to one filled with gentle warmth.

The Legendary Man Chapter 148

Chapter 148 The Mysterious Call

“Jonathan, where are you?” Josephine sounded haggard on the phone, as if she was exceptionally exhausted.

“I’m in Jazona,” Jonathan replied with a smile. “What is it, Darling? Do you miss me?”

“Jazona? What are you doing there?” Josephine was surprised at why Jonathan had gone to Jazona alone.

“I met an old friend whom I haven’t seen in years. Hence, we spent the entire day catching up!” Jonathan lowered his head and looked at Tavion sprawled lifelessly on the ground.

Both of them had indeed not seen each other in years.

However, instead of chatting, Tavion was killed.

“An old friend?”

Since when does Jonathan have any old friends?

From what she could recall, Jonathan barely had any friends at all. Even when they got

married, he didn’t invite anyone. Nevertheless, she didn’t question him further. Instead, she

remarked, “It’s getting late. You better come home soon.”

“Okay. I’m on my way.”

At that moment, Jonathan seemed like a totally different person.

Just a moment ago, Jonathan was as fearsome as how everyone expected Asura to be.

But now, he seemed to have come off his pedestal and turned into an ordinary human being.

“What are you looking at me for?” After ending his call, he noticed everyone giving him strange looks.

It was like all of them were astounded by what they saw.

“N-Nothing.” Gulping, Kingstone cleared his throat and suggested, “Sir, shall I have someone send you home?”

“Sure. I won’t need to take a taxi then.” Jonathan had taken a taxi here earlier. However, given that it was peak hour, he realized he might not be able to hail one due to the heavy traffic.

“I can drive you back!”

Before Kingstone could arrange for someone to do it, Liam seized the opportunity to volunteer.

To him, driving Asura home was considered a glorious honor.

“Do you have a car?” Jonathan glanced at him.

“Yes!” Liam nodded. “I have a military jeep, and it’s exceptionally fast.”

“Let’s go then.”

Jonathan nodded. However, just before he stepped out, he stopped in his tracks abruptly and looked at Hunter and Preston, who were still sitting on the ground. Both of them had a listless look in their eyes, as if their soul had left their body.

“The York family’s and Tavion Group’s assets will be transferred to Graham Group,”

Jonathan declared while looking at Kingstone. “Tomorrow, I’ll send someone to get in touch with you.”

“Yes, Sir!”

Kingstone nodded in acknowledgment.

However, he was surprised to hear about Graham Group as he had never heard of them

before. Is Graham Group somehow related to Jonathan?

“Let’s go.” Jonathan stepped out of the private room.

The moment he exited the building, Jonathan saw two military jeeps parked outside. After

he got into one of them, Kingstone and the Divine Dragon Guards knelt on the ground again

to send him off.

“Farewell, Sir!”

...

Half an hour later, the jeep stopped outside Edenic Heights. It wasn’t because the security

guard stopped them. Instead, it was Jonathan who requested to be let out there. “All right,

I’ll be getting off here. You should head back now.”

“Yes, Sir!”

Liam got down the jeep to personally open Jonathan’s door for him. It wasn’t until Jonathan

disappeared from his sight that he finally left by himself.

Meanwhile, the lights at No. 1 Villa were still on.

Josephine was sitting on the sofa, engrossed in drawing something with her pen. When

some of her stray hair dropped in front of her face, she casually raised her hand to tuck

them behind her ear.

He had caught a glimpse of the scene the moment he entered. Despite the simplicity of the

gesture, it was like an arrow to the heart for Jonathan.

“Darling, I’m home.” Jonathan subconsciously sat beside Josephine.

When he tried to reach

out his hand to hug her, she struggled free before glaring at him. “Mom and Dad are

watching us. You had better behave properly.”

“In that case, can I behave improperly when they’re not around?”

Jonathan raised his

eyebrows with a cheeky smile, causing Josephine to give him another angry stare.

“What are you looking at?”

When Jonathan lowered his gaze, he noticed that Josephine was holding an architecture blueprint. There were many houses drawn on top of it, and it looked like the design for the ecological park.

“It’s the blueprint for the ecological park.” Josephine put down her pen and massaged her temple. “This is just an initial draft that requires some revisions. However, I still don’t know where to start.”

After all, she wasn’t a trained architect and had not managed a project as massive as the ecological park before. Therefore, she was worried about making any mistakes.

“Take your time. Don’t rush.” Jonathan got to his feet and walked up behind her. Then, he began to massage her shoulders. “By the way, has someone from Graham Group gotten in touch with you?”

“Yeah.” Josephine nodded.

When she felt Jonathan’s hands massaging her shoulders, she didn’t shy away, although she was momentarily caught off guard. Instead, she closed her eyes and replied, “How did you convince Graham to contribute both manpower and capital for this project? Not only that, but they aren’t the ones leading it. This isn’t how they usually run things at all.”

How did I convince Graham? All I did was casually mention it to him.

After all, Graham

Group belongs to me. Hence, there’s no need for any persuasion at all.

Nevertheless, Jonathan wasn’t going to tell her the truth. Instead, he found a random excuse. “I made a deal with him. In exchange for helping you take on the ecological park project, I’ll assist them in taking over some of the York family’s projects.” “The York family of Jazona?” The moment she heard the name, Josephine widened her



eyes. Turning around, she gave Jonathan a puzzled look. “How did you get involved with them?”

The York family is one of the four prominent families of Jazona. Even Graham Group is considered a small company when compared to them, let alone the Smith family. In fact, the York family wouldn't even bat an eyelid at their presence. So how is Jonathan related to them in any way?

“I talked to Zachary about it.” By then, Jonathan was used to crediting Zachary for everything. “He put me in contact with the York family and helped me form a partnership between Graham Group and them.”

As expected, Jonathan got Zachary to help him again.

Although Josephine knew that Jonathan did it for her sake, she still asserted with a slight

frown, “Next time, try not to trouble Zachary unless absolutely necessary. After all, every

time he helps you, you will fall deeper into his debt. Given how much you owe him already, how do you expect to repay him?”

Why do I need to repay Zachary's favor? Even if I wanted to, he wouldn't dare accept it at all.

“There's no need to repay my debt to him as he owes me even more than this.” Jonathan

chuckled. Back when they were on the battlefield, Jonathan had saved Zachary's life countless times.

If it wasn't for Jonathan, Zachary wouldn't even live to be the mighty King of War.

“Jonathan, you—” Josephine shot him a glare. Before she could say anything further, she was interrupted by a ringing phone.

The Legendary Man Chapter 149

Chapter 149 A Threat

Left without a choice, Josephine answered the call.

“Hello?”

“Is this Josephine Smith?” A raspy male voice was heard over the line. It was so jarring that it made one feel exceptionally uncomfortable.

“I am she. What is it?” Knitting her eyebrows, Josephine thought it was a call from some random salesperson.

“I want to let you know that the ecological park project isn’t something the Smith family is capable of handling. If you know what’s good for you, you should pull out of the project. Or else, I’ll have no choice but to force you out!” the voice over the line warned.

In response to the threat, Josephine’s face darkened. “What are you trying to say?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” The voice turned frosty. “I’m telling you to back out of the ecological park project!”

“What gives you the right?” Josephine’s expression turned grim when she heard the man’s words. “The Smith family took over the project after the Blackwood family left Jadeborough.

Why should I back out just because you ask me to?”

“The Blackwood family?” The voice suddenly laughed insidiously. “They are nothing but one of our pawns in Jadeborough. Without our help, they wouldn’t even have gotten the project in the first place.

“Josephine, do you know how much the project is worth? It’s worth billions. Do you think the Blackwood family is able to take on the project just by themselves? My advice to you is to not go looking for trouble. Otherwise, I can’t guarantee that you won’t be killed in a car accident whenever you go out! Also, who knows what might happen to the Smith residence? What are you going to do if someone who detests you sets fire to your home one day?”

It was a blatant threat against Josephine's life. Nevertheless, Josephine was unfazed by it. She snapped, "Are you threatening me? Aren't you worried that I'll call the police on you?" "The police? Do what you want. Do you think that I would dare call you if I was scared of the police?" The voice neither cared nor was afraid at all. It was obvious that the man was not to be trifled with. "Josephine, let me give you a final piece of advice. You're only given one life. Once you lose it, that's it. Hence, you had better think this through carefully." The moment the voice was done, the call ended with a click. With no opportunity to retort, Josephine was so furious that she was trembling all over. This was the first time she was taking over the Smith family's business and managing such a huge project. However, she had already received a death threat on the very first day of her job. "What happened?" Jonathan couldn't help but ask when he saw how Josephine's body was shivering. "Nothing, it's nothing." Josephine shook her head with a grim expression. She didn't tell Jonathan about the death threat because she knew he would only go to Zachary again.

She didn't want him to make a habit of going to Zachary every time they encountered a problem.

"Really? Then why do you look distraught?" Jonathan pretended to be oblivious of what was going on. In truth, his keen sense of hearing had caught every single word of the conversation, including those by the mysterious voice. However, since Josephine wasn't willing to tell him, he decided not to pursue the matter any further.

“Perhaps I’m just too tired today.” Josephine was visibly out of sorts. Getting up to her feet, she headed toward the bathroom. “I’m going to wash my face.” However, she was in such a rush that she forgot to take her phone with her. It wasn’t until the bathroom door slammed shut that Jonathan picked up her phone and gave the earlier number a call. A brief moment later, the man’s hoarse voice was heard. “How about it, Ms. Smith? You seemed to have made your decision quickly.” “No, she hasn’t decided yet.” Jonathan lit up a cigarette and walked out to the balcony. “I’m calling you to tell you that you should just give up. The ecological park project definitely belongs to the Smith family! Also, I would like to warn you that if you so much as touch a hair on Josephine’s head, I’ll make sure that your entire family is wiped out.” “What did you say? Did I hear wrongly?” the voice sneered in response to Jonathan’s words. “Are you threatening me? How dare you threaten me when you don’t even know who I am?” “Who you are isn’t relevant at all. All that matters is that if you want to play games, I’ll do so with you. No matter who you are, your fate as a dead man was sealed the moment you made the call.” Threatening Josephine had struck a nerve with Jonathan. Anyone who attempted to do so would only meet their doom.

“You are no match for me.” The voice over the line scoffed at Jonathan’s words. “It seems that you won’t know any better until it’s too late! But no matter, I’ll send you a coffin tomorrow so that you’ll know what death actually looks like.” Immediately after that, the man ended the call. At the same time, Jonathan heard the bathroom door open. He quickly deleted his call

history and put the phone back to where it was. After that, he pretended as if nothing had happened at all.

Even after washing her face, Josephine was still visibly troubled. As such, she was too distracted to realize that someone had used her phone.

“Darling, since you’re not in a good mood, why don’t we go out and relax?” Jonathan didn’t bring up the earlier matter. Since he had deleted the call history, he also decided not to let Josephine know that he had already gotten involved.

“No, it’s fine.”

Josephine shook her head as she had no interest to do so at all. She was trying to figure out how to resolve the problem because she was concerned that something horrible might happen the very next day.

“Come on! Why don’t I take you someplace to grab a bite?” Jonathan didn’t give her the opportunity to say no. Taking her arm, he tugged her toward the door. “Forget it. I’m really not in the mood.” With the matter weighing heavily on her heart, she had no appetite for anything at all.

However, Jonathan didn’t give her a choice. Before she knew it, he had pulled her into the red Lamborghini.

The moment she got in, it was too late to get out.

Resigned to her fate, she rubbed her temples and looked at Jonathan.

“What would you like to have?”

“I want to have you!” Jonathan broke into a smile.

“Be more serious!” Josephine glared fiercely at him.

Nevertheless, she was visibly cheered up by Jonathan’s tomfoolery.

“I heard that there’s a newly opened barbeque stand in the southern part of the city that’s really good. Why don’t we give it a try?” Just as he spoke, Jonathan floored the accelerator.

In a blink of an eye, the engine roared to life.

The Legendary Man Chapter 150

## Chapter 150 The Lower Class

Half an hour later, they stopped somewhere in the southern part of the city.

Compared to the other areas of Jadeborough, the southern part of the city was an old area that was less developed.

It was filled with old and dilapidated buildings, while the streets were littered with roadside stalls.

Usually, the rich seldom frequented the area.

Therefore, when the red Lamborghini stopped by the roadside, it attracted everyone's

attention. Many of the youths there even blew wolf whistles at it.

Furthermore, when Josephine got out of the car, all the males there were mesmerized.

After all, her looks and figure were no less inferior than that of movie actresses.

In fact, her attractiveness actually surpassed them, which explained the fact that she had

plenty of suitors before she married Jonathan.

Even after she married him, many of her suitors continued to stalk and cling to her.

However, when everyone saw Jonathan appear beside Josephine, all of them looked at him

with disdain.

Sheesh! Another beauty wasted on a beast!

"Darling, the barbeque from that stall is supposed to be very delicious.

Shall we head there?"

Jonathan ignored the gazes that fell upon them. In truth, there weren't any new stalls in the

area.

All he wanted to do was to take Josephine out for a meal so that she could take her mind

off her problems.

"Let's go!"

Josephine nodded before both of them headed to the roadside stall.

"Sir, ten skewers each of grilled mutton, duck, and beef please,"

Jonathan randomly ordered

before taking his seat.

They hadn't been seated for long when a pot-bellied, middle-aged man and his skimpily dressed female companion walked past them. Just as they were passing by, the young lady pinched her nose and remarked, "Darling, let's not eat here because this place is just too dirty. Look, only those of the lower class patronize this place. I refuse to dine at a place like this!"

Lower class?

Just as she spoke, the faces of everyone seated there drastically changed.

Just when many of their tempers were about to flare, they noticed the middle-aged man's

Maybach parked by the side. Given that it was worth millions, they could only force themselves to swallow their anger.

They were left with no choice as they knew they couldn't afford to offend someone who drove a Maybach.

"It's indeed too filthy here!" The middle-aged man waved a hand in front of his nose, as if there was a stench in the air. "And here I thought there was something special here to eat.

Forget it; I'll take you to a proper fine dining restaurant instead."

With that, the middle-aged man put his arm around his companion's waist as they headed back to the Maybach.

As they walked off, the lady gave the middle-aged man a kiss. Then, she remarked

coquettishly, "I knew you were the best!"

Muacks!

"Let's go quickly and stay away from these people. Otherwise, they'll just dirty our clothes."

Both of them spoke without any attempt to lower their voices at all.

It was clear they didn't care about the feelings of those who heard what they said.

It was as if all those people didn't deserve to breathe the same air as they did.

Unfortunately, despite how angry everyone there was, no one dared to utter a word of protest.

It wasn't until the Maybach disappeared from their sight that someone dared to shout,

"What the f\*ck? Do they really think they're actually VIPs?"

"Just because they drive a stinking Maybach, they think it makes them someone important."

"Exactly! Isn't it obvious they're having an improper relationship? The man looks like a sugar daddy while the woman must be his sugar baby."

After the Maybach was gone, the crowd suddenly had the courage to ridicule the couple.

As for Jonathan, he didn't even deign to spare them a look.

What's the point in wasting time with insects?

"Jonathan, aren't you angry that they accused you of being someone low class?" Josephine

was surprised at how calm Jonathan was throughout the exchange.

In her mind, Jonathan didn't exactly have a good temper.

"What's there to be angry about?" He answered with a grin, "Why should I care about two

insects? In the eyes of those who are even richer, aren't they lower class folks too?"

"But this isn't like you!" Josephine couldn't help but look at Jonathan suspiciously. After all,

when the head of the Blackwood family had knelt in front of him, Jonathan had shown him no mercy at all.

Even the son of Jazona's deputy police chief was beaten up regardless of his status.

"In your mind, what's your impression of me?" Jonathan gave her a plain look. "Am I

someone impulsive? Do I have no regard for the consequences and only know how to solve problems with my fists?"



“Isn’t that the case?” Josephine couldn’t resist giving him the side-eye. “I was expecting you to start a fight with them.”

“No, I wouldn’t have.” Jonathan shook his head with a smile. “Beating them up would only have soiled my hands.”

To him, those two were nothing but insignificant insects, and he didn’t take their behavior to heart.

After they finished their meal, Jonathan didn’t take Josephine home right away. Instead, they used the opportunity to take a stroll around. At that moment, both of them finally felt like a couple, unlike a few years ago when they were only married in name.

Back then, they would barely say a few words to each other within a single month.

As they strolled along the streets, the gentle breeze that blew past improved Josephine’s mood significantly.

She couldn’t help but remark, “You seem to be familiar with this part of the city.”

“My previous company used to be located here,” Jonathan answered with a smile. Back

then, he had just graduated from university and couldn’t afford the rental of a high-end skyscraper. Consequently, he could only manage to rent a place in an old building in the southern part of the city to use as his warehouse.

Its rental was only five hundred a month.

Later on, when the company expanded, he didn’t move away. Instead, he rented the entire building.

“Your previous company?” Having heard his words, Josephine suddenly recalled that

Jonathan used to run a company too. “By the way, you’ve never mentioned your old company to me before. How did you go bankrupt back then?”

It was hard to believe that after four years of marriage, Josephine still didn't know how Jonathan's company went bust. "I fell into a trap and was cheated," Jonathan casually replied. "Anyway, let's not talk about that anymore. Instead, I'll show you where my previous company was. It's not far from here, coincidentally."  
"Sure!"

Unexpectedly, Josephine didn't decline. Instead, she was wondering if she should try to get to know Jonathan better.