

The Legendary Man Chapter 271

Chapter 271 Phantom

“That’s true!”

The short-haired woman giggled in amusement.

From their conversation, one could tell that they treated the competitors in the arena like beasts instead of humans.

In their eyes, underground boxing was similar to a fight between beasts in the Colosseum of ancient Rome.

Winning mattered more than their lives.

“How do you place a bet in here?” Jonathan casually asked Lydia.

From earlier events, he could tell that Lydia frequented the place.

“The underground gambling den works together with the underground boxing ring. Before every match, the gambling den would offer different odds. For every boxer, the bets change too.”

Pointing at the defeated man lying on the ground like he was about to pass out, Lydia continued, “For a novice like that guy, who fought only once or twice, the odds of him losing is ten to one. However, the greater the risk, the higher the payout. If he surprises the crowd and wins, the people betting on him will earn tenfold. Therefore, many people here like to bet with a lot of money. As you know, there are many gamblers in a place like this. They might not be interested if the risks are too low.”

“Ah, I see,” Jonathan acknowledged before turning his attention to the boxing ring.

Bang! In that instant, a loud sound rang through the arena.

The man on the ground received a punch directly to his skull, and

blood splattered everywhere.

“Ah!”

Horrified at the bloody and gruesome sight, Sophia screamed and hid behind Jonathan. She could not bear to look up.

Never in her life had she ever witnessed such a gruesome scene.

“Drag him out and feed him to the dogs!” A man in a black suit with a cigar between his fingers ordered. His subordinates obediently climbed onto the boxing ring and tossed the lifeless body off the stage.

Despite the tragic incident, the crowd seemed unfazed. In fact, some even whistled in satisfaction.

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“It’s okay! All is fine now.” After seeing the corpse thrown off the stage, Jonathan gently patted Sophia’s back. “If I knew what this event would be like, I wouldn’t have asked Lydia to take you here.”

He felt guilty. After all, he already knew that there were no rules nor protection in an underground boxing match.

Nonetheless, he did not expect this to happen.

The man received a death blow to his head! What kind of place is this? How could this happen in Yaleview where Asura’s Office sits. Who are these men to organize such horrendous fights?

Aren’t they worried that the Asura’s Office might feed them to the fishes in the Goda River in the heat of the moment? One should never mess with them. Don’t they know the number of lives the Asura’s Office had taken? Besides, these men here opened an underground gambling den and boxing ring. Even if

the four prominent families have their backs, the Asura's Office will annihilate them.

“Jonathan, i-is that man dead?” Sophia raised her head timidly with fear in her eyes.

Even at her age, this was the first time she had ever seen something as dreadful as this.

Naturally, she could not stomach it.

“Yes.” Jonathan nodded. “This is underground boxing. Like fights during the ancient times, death is rather normal.”

“D-Do the officials not care?” Sophia stammered.

It was Yaleview after all.

How could anyone take lives on this land so easily?

“How can they control it?” Jonathan logically analyzed the situation, “Do you think they managed to open the underground boxing ring without someone important backing them? For all we know, they might be making a profit here.”

Jonathan would not be shocked by it.

He was only curious about the people behind this underground boxing ring.

If they dared to organize this event, they must be from the Asura's Office. It was the only possible way they could continue operating.

“Hold on a second... No way...”

Sophia looked stupefied by what Jonathan had said. Obviously, his words had shocked her!

“Jonathan, so do you want to place a bet?” Since Sophia had calmed down, Lydia turned to Jonathan to ask.

“We'll see!” Jonathan shrugged.

He was not particularly interested in gambling, but he thought it was okay to do so from time to time.

“Let me know if you want to place a bet!” Watching people clean up the boxing ring, Lydia sighed. “Ah, we came too late and missed the previous bet. If we miss the next one, I’m afraid we won’t have any more matches to bet on.”

“Is it ending?” Jonathan asked in surprise.

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“Yes. Usually, there are only three fights held each night. The event ends after that.” Glancing at her watch, Lydia commented, “The one we just caught was the second match. It will be the last one next.”

As soon as she finished speaking, a few women in bright red bikinis appeared. In their stilettos, they sashayed into the ring. They had the perfect figures.

Without a doubt, the crowd roared at the sight of them.

“The challenger for our next match is Phantom!” The host introduced while the spotlight shone on a tanned man with a chiseled body.

It was a man wearing a demon mask.

Under the light, he looked extra terrifying.

“I’m sure all of you are familiar with Phantom’s records. Out of the ten battles he participated in, he won them all! He had not lost a single one thus far.”

The audience cheered even harder.

It was obvious that Phantom was the crowd’s favorite.

“Who do you think will be up against him?” The host paused for a dramatic effect before the other spotlight shone on a skinnier middle-aged man. He had a long scar across his face, as though his face had been slashed open.

The most baffling thing was he had a pair of handcuffs around his wrists.

Several men in suits behind held him back by his arms. It looked like they had detained him.

“He is Ghost Fire, and this is his first fight!”

Gasp!

Instantly, the crowd began jeering.

“Get off the stage!”

“Don’t let him fight!”

Everyone seemed unwilling to let him participate in the fight because no one thought that skinny man had a chance against Phantom.

He looked weak with no visible muscles, like a gust of wind could blow him away.

Who the hell is this man? How dare he challenge Phantom? He must be courting death!

“Everyone, calm down. Aren’t you interested in watching Phantom trashing this man?” The host tried to excite the crowd.

“Yes! Get on with it!”

The crowd started roaring.

The Legendary Man Chapter 272

Chapter 272 Die Little Lamb

“You can start placing your bets!”

As soon as the host finished speaking, a handful of men dressed in black suits released the iron chains clamped around Ghost Fire’s arms.

The moment they shoved him forward, the look of nonchalance on Ghost Fire’s face was quickly replaced with a bloodthirsty

gleam.

“Come over, you little brat! I can’t wait to pulverize you,” Phantom thundered as he brandished his fist menacingly. Judging from his scornful gaze, it was clear that he didn’t see Ghost Fire to be a threat at all.

Both men made their way into the arena, where they squared off against each other.

Immediately, everyone could see the stark contrast between Ghost Fire and Phantom.

Due to Ghost Fire’s skinny frame, he looked like a helpless little lamb standing in front of a fearsome tiger.

With a single swipe of its paw, the tiger would rip Ghost Fire into bloody shreds.

“What do you think, Jonathan? Do you want to place a bet together?” Lydia asked as the match was about to begin.

“Who do you plan to bet on?”

“Of course, I’m going to bet on Phantom,” Lydia replied without hesitation. “He’s the undisputed champion of this arena. Ever since Phantom started fighting here, he has never suffered a loss in his winning streak against his opponents. Jonathan, are you planning to place your bet on Ghostfire?”

Lydia couldn’t help but look at Jonathan in disbelief.

“That’s right. What are his betting odds?” Jonathan questioned nonchalantly.

“Twenty to one.”

Lydia’s eyes widened in utter shock when she heard Jonathan’s inquiry. “Jonathan, are you joking? Do you really plan to place your bets on Ghost Fire?”

“I’m not fooling around.” Jonathan glanced at Ghost Fire and said, “Don’t underestimate him. He’s definitely not a helpless lamb.”

Though others might not be able to tell, Jonathan could see the murderous intent in Ghost Fire’s eyes.

Even if Ghost Fire found himself imprisoned, he would still be a deadly force to be reckoned with.

During his sentence in Northern Crimson Prison, Jonathan had encountered many men like Ghost Fire.

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In front of the guards, they acted like obedient little lambs. However, they would reveal their true colors the minute the guards looked away. These men were capable of committing atrocities without even batting an eye.

“But he-”

Before Lydia could argue any further, Jonathan cut in, “Don’t bother trying to convince me. It’d be best if you follow suit and bet on Ghost Fire if you don’t want to lose.”

“All right, I’ll trust you then. Ghost Fire it is.” Although Lydia was reluctant, she ended up changing her mind at the last minute. Promptly, Lydia beckoned at a nearby worker. “Please come here.”

“Ms. Lydia, are you going to place your bets?” From the way he addressed her, it was clear that the worker recognized Lydia.

“That’s right. I’m going to bet one million on Ghost Fire,” Lydia declared with a grit of her teeth.

“Ghost Fire?” The worker was taken aback. “Ms. Lydia, why are you picking him? Just look at his small and weak stature. He probably won’t even be able to endure a single punch from

Phantom.”

“What are you blabbering about? I want to place my bets on him!” Lydia shot him a stern glare and fished her card out to pay. Ding! Just like that, one million was gone from her bank account.

Lydia whirled around and asked, “Jonathan, how much are you going to bet?”

“I’m just betting on this match for fun.” Truthfully, Jonathan could hardly be bothered with such a predictable fight like this. It didn’t pique his interest at all. He handed his black card to the worker and said dismissively, “I’ll bet ten million.”

“What?” Lydia was so shocked that her eyes nearly bulged out of her head. “Jonathan, where did you get your hands on such an outrageous sum of money?”

Didn’t Sophia say that she has not heard from her nephew ever since he was young? Apparently, Jonathan has been missing for more than ten years. How did he obtain ten million? Furthermore, he claimed that he’s betting for his own amusement?

“Ten million is a small sum. Charge my card right now,” Jonathan instructed the worker.

“Yes!” Following Jonathan’s instructions, the worker took the card from Jonathan’s outstretched hand and hesitantly swiped it in the machine.

A ding sound echoed in the air as ten million was charged on Jonathan’s card.

“Sir, here’s your card.” When the transaction went through, the worker’s respect toward Jonathan increased tenfold.

Although the arena was packed, only a handful of people could fork out ten million with such ease. In fact, the worker was sure that less than ten people here perform such a hefty transaction.

Upon seeing this, Sophia couldn't help but inquire curiously,
"Jonathan, where did you get so much money?"

"It's the money that I've earned through my business. Didn't I tell you about this earlier this afternoon? Yet, you didn't believe a word I said." Jonathan came up with an excuse.

"I thought that you were lying to me." Sophia glanced at Jonathan as she spoke. When he first told her about it, she assumed that he was merely trying to save himself from embarrassment. I can't believe he paid ten million without any hesitation.

Initially, Sophia even planned to use the remaining balance in her card as a down payment for Jonathan. In the end, Jonathan appeared to be much wealthier than her.

Bloody hell! I can't believe this.

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"You brat! It looks like you have a lot of secrets and you have even tricked me!" Sophia snapped and whacked the back of Jonathan's head.

"I didn't lie to you. You were the one who didn't believe me when I told you about it," Jonathan mumbled in exasperation. Sometimes, women are so difficult to understand. Even if I'm clearly in the right, the blame falls on my shoulders.

Sophia's seemed to get even angrier when Jonathan tried to defend himself. "Are you trying to give me an excuse?"

"Look, the fight is about to begin!" Jonathan blurted out in a hurry when he saw Sophia raise her hand again.

Bang!

The deafening sound of the gong rang in the air, indicating that the match had officially begun.

Without any delay, Phantom leaped toward Ghost Fire like a ravenous wolf.

While Phantom swung his fist at Ghost Fire, he let out a fearsome battle cry.

“Little lamb, I’m going to crush your skull!” Phantom’s lips upturned into a cruel smile.

To him, Ghost Fire was nothing but a weak plaything. Phantom was confident that he could end his opponent’s life whenever he wanted.

“Little lamb? Are you talking to me?” Unexpectedly, Ghost Fire responded to Phantom’s words with a smile. “The last person who called me that had met his maker,” he rasped in a raspy voice.

Mercilessly, Ghost Fire aimed his clenched fist at Phantom’s skull.

“Little lamb, are you trying to fight back?” Phantom chuckled when he noticed Ghost Fire’s attack. “Die!” The burly fighter sent a punch squarely at Ghost Fire.

The Legendary Man Chapter 273

Chapter 273 Received Twenty Million

If Phantom’s fist found its mark, there was no doubt that the latter would lose his life.

At that very moment, there was a sudden twist of fate.

Nimbly, Ghost Fire dodged to the side as Phantom missed him entirely. Without giving Phantom any time to react, Ghost Fire

leaped into the air and slammed his fist into Ghost Fire's face.
Bang!

Piercing pain exploded across Phantom's nose, causing him to stumble backward.

“F*ck, what on earth just happened?”

“Look at this trash! I can't believe he got blindsided by a weakling like Ghostfire.”

“He's utterly useless!”

Promptly, the audience began to hurl profanities at Phantom.

Not a single one of them expected a skinny man like Ghost Fire to wield such immense strength.

“Little lamb, how dare you attack me!” Phantom roared in outrage. As soon as Phantom finished yelling, Ghost Fire lunged into action again. Boom! Ghost Fire struck the side of Phantom's head.

Although Ghost Fire appeared like prey in front of Phantom, he did not show any mercy. On the contrary, he even retaliated against Phantom's attack.

This scene instantly caused the onlookers' hearts to skip a beat. F*ck, is Phantom going to lose?

“Little lamb, you are doomed!” Phantom responded to Ghost Fire's strike by grabbing the latter's arm and roughly yanking him downward.

A loud thud reverberated across the arena as Ghost Fire collapsed to the floor.

“Good job!” The audience cheered enthusiastically.

“Oh no, Ghost Fire is going to lose.” Lydia heaved out a heavy sigh of disappointment. It looks like my money is going to go

down the drain.

“He won’t lose,” Jonathan said impassively.

He looked totally unfazed by the fact that Ghost Fire had just fallen to the floor.

“Why are you so confident in his abilities?” Lydia glanced at Jonathan in confusion. Clearly, Ghost Fire was in a disadvantageous position. Nonetheless, why does Jonathan keep insisting on his victory?

“I’m not confident in him.” Jonathan kept his gaze fixated intensely on the ongoing fight. “I betted on him simply because their fighting prowess is on two different levels.” At the same time, Phantom stomped his foot on Ghost Fire’s head. It looked like he was trying to crush Ghost Fire’s skull with this method. “Kill him!” the crowd chanted in a frenzy.

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Just as Phantom wanted to kick Ghost Fire again, Ghost Fire extended his arms and grabbed onto Phantom’s ankle. Promptly, he tugged on Phantom’s leg, making him lose his balance. Caught off-guard by Ghost Fire’s sudden movement, Phantom staggered and almost fell to the ground.

On the other hand, Ghost Fire seized this opportunity to pounce at Phantom. He quickly grabbed Phantom’s nape and yanked the larger man downward.

Simultaneously, Ghost Fire jerked his knee toward Phantom’s face.

Snap!

In an instant, there was the sickening sound of broken bones. Crimson blood began to trickle out of Phantom's nose. Despite Phantom's injuries, Ghost Fire showed no mercy. He was determined to finish Phantom off. Promptly, Ghost Fire slammed his elbow against Phantom's exposed back, making him double over in pain. While Phantom tried to gather his wits, Ghost Fire clamped his fingers around Phantom's ears and pulled them with all his strength. "Argh!" A bloodcurdling scream was ripped from Phantom's throat when Ghost Fire tore his ears away from his head. Immediately, blood began to gush out of Phantom's wounds. Phantom's agonizing shriek continued to ring in the air.

Nonetheless, Ghost Fire did not even bat an eye. While Phantom continued to wail in pain, he wrapped his right hand around Phantom's neck to keep him securely in place. With his other hand, Ghost Fire repeatedly pummelled against Phantom's skull. Bang! Bang! Bang!

Again and again, Ghost Fire continued to rain down brutal punches on Phantom.

As a result of the blunt force, more blood streamed down Phantom's neck in red rivulets.

Despite the severe wounds, Ghost Fire showed no signs of stopping.

"Phantom, you'd better fight back!"

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"Sh*t, I spent five million on you! I'll hire someone to beat you up if you lose!"

“Fight back! You useless piece of trash!”

Upon seeing how Phantom was getting beaten up, the onlookers couldn't help but holler in dissatisfaction.

Almost everyone present at the scene had placed a bet on Phantom.

Truthfully, they didn't care if Phantom lost his life or not; but, he just couldn't lose this match.

Even if it costs him his life, he'd better win! We don't care if Phantom dies after this match. All we care about is his victory. Despite their yells, Phantom seemed helpless. No matter how hard he tried to fight back, he could not break free from the iron grip that Ghost Fire had around his neck.

Phantom could barely breathe with the chokehold around his throat.

Gradually, his movements grew slower and weaker.

All of a sudden, Phantom's legs gave way. Without any more support left, he crumpled lifelessly to the ground.

“Get up!”

“Did this bastard die?” “Fck, I'm doomed!”

When Phantom's body showed no sign of movement, their angry cries reached a crescendo.

Unable to control their fury, they threw their water bottles onto the stage.

But no matter how hard they tried, Phantom remained unresponsive.

Soon, his body began to turn cold. Even in his death, Phantom's eyes remained wide open.

“Take Phantom's corpse and feed it to the dogs,” the host

declared with a wave of his hand. In haste, a few subordinates rushed forward to haul Phantom's bloody body out of the arena. Now that Phantom was dead, they lost all respect for him. In their eyes, he had become nothing but a piece of trash that should be discarded without a second thought.

"Oh my, G-Ghost Fire won?" When the match concluded, Lydia whirled around to look at Jonathan in surprise.

Although she'd witnessed it with her own eyes, Lydia was still struggling to wrap her head around the fact that Ghost Fire emerged as the winner.

Earlier, Ghost Fire was clearly at a disadvantage. However, he turned the tide and triumphed over Phantom in the blink of an eye.

"What else?" Jonathan spared her a brief glance.

"T-This is unbelievable," Lydia stuttered. Am I dreaming? Just like that, the one million I betted on Ghost Fire became twenty million. Oh my God! Does this mean that Jonathan's ten million has been raised to two hundred million?

Although Lydia was from the famed Maxwell family, it would be a struggle for her to earn two hundred million.

On the other hand, Jonathan accomplished this in just a few minutes.

"Jonathan, how did you know that Ghost Fire would win this match?" Lydia asked.

Although Phantom looked like he would be the victor, the results ended up being the total opposite. How could Jonathan tell that Ghost Fire would win?

"Would you believe me if I said that I went with my gut instinct? I betted on him because his betting odds were higher," Jonathan replied.

“Hmph! I don’t believe a word that you just said.” Lydia rolled her eyes. “I won’t fall for your lies.”

Instead of answering, Jonathan merely kept quiet.

Abruptly, a chime echoed from Lydia’s phone. Her eyes lit up when she read the new text message. “Jonathan, I just received twenty million!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 274

Chapter 274 It Really Is You

“Is that so?” asked Jonathan indifferently since twenty million was as insignificant as twenty to him.

Even if it were two hundred million, it still would not make a difference to Jonathan, for they were just numbers to him.

Narrowing her eyes, Lydia could not believe how composed the man was. “How can you be so calm, Jonathan? Don’t you at least want to confirm if the money has been wired to you?”

“What for? If you got yours, then I should get mine too.”

“Well, mistakes happen sometimes. What if they missed yours? Heck, I wouldn’t be surprised if they did it deliberately.” For some reason, Lydia seemed more concerned about Jonathan’s money than the man himself.

“You don’t have to worry about that. They wouldn’t dare to skim my money. If I’m even a cent short, they can kiss their underground operation goodbye.”

“Are you serious, Jonathan?” scoffed Lydia, wondering where the man got his confidence.

If these people have what it takes to run an underground boxing ring, surely they have enough influence to take Jonathan’s money

from him whenever they want. They could probably even end his life just as easily. Heck, I wouldn't doubt it for a second if anybody tells me that they've killed a couple of guys already.

"Say something, Sophia!" Since she could not move Jonathan, Lydia decided to turn to Sophia.

"Hey, snob! Lydia's got a point, you know? I think you should check your account just to be sure. After all, it's not a small amount. We wouldn't want to be careless now, would we?" advised Sophia.

"Fine. Let's get it over with."

With that, Jonathan picked up his phone to check his messages. Then, he turned the device around to show it to Sophia. "There it is."

"It's all there?" exclaimed Sophia in surprise, for she did not expect to see the full amount.

"Of course. Why would I lie to you? Here. If you don't believe me, you can take a closer look yourself." Impatiently, Jonathan handed the woman his phone.

"Let's see!"

As soon as she received Jonathan's phone, Sophia scrutinized the numbers on display one by one. Ten, hundred, thousand, ten thousand, hundred thousand, million, ten million, hundred million... Two hundred million!

Sophia could not believe her eyes after confirming the amount. Suddenly, it felt like she was dreaming. Oh, my goodness! I've never seen so much money in my life. And yet, it only took Jonathan half an hour to make this much! This is insane!

“Do you believe me now?” Jonathan could not help but chuckle when he saw how shocked Sophia was.

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In response, the woman nodded fervently before returning the phone to its rightful owner. “Yes! Come on. Let’s go, Jonathan. The match is over, so there is no point sticking around any longer.”

Since she had had her confirmation, Sophia decided that it was time to leave.

She never liked the shady-looking place, to begin with. If it were not for Jonathan, Sophia would never agree to step into this place. “Sure. Let’s go.” Jonathan could tell that Sophia despised the place, so he was ready to leave with her when somebody called out to him suddenly. “Jonathan!”

“Huh?” Naturally, Jonathan turned around when he heard his name, only to see Kylie and Yvette sitting not too far away from him.

Sitting next to the two young girls were a couple of short-haired teenagers about their age.

“It’s really you, Jonathan! And here I thought I’d made a mistake!” squealed Kylie the moment Jonathan turned to look at them.

Grabbing Yvette by the hand, Kylie excitedly rushed over to the man.

“Friends of yours?” inquired Sophia curiously as she raised an eyebrow at Jonathan.

“Not really. We met on the train when I was on my way to Yaleview.”

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By the time Jonathan was done speaking, the two young girls had already reached him. “What a coincidence, Jonathan! We meet again.”

“Right. It really is quite a coincidence!” Jonathan admitted that he too was surprised that they would meet again. Wait a minute. Aren’t these two students? What are they doing at a place like this?

“You were in such a hurry last time that we didn’t even get a chance to say goodbye. Luckily we bump into you again!” stated Kylie to Jonathan before turning to tug at Yvette’s sleeve. “I thought you said you had something you wanted to say to Jonathan. Well, now’s the time! Go on!”

“I... “ Staring at the man, Yvette was suddenly at a loss for words.

“Is there anything I can help you with?” Jonathan instinctively raised a brow at the teenage girl when he noticed how she had difficulty expressing herself.

The girl was more than an annoyance to him. In fact, he had grown to dislike her.

Seeing how Jonathan was starting to get impatient, Yvette quickly blurted, “I... I want to apologize to you. What happened last time was a misunderstanding, so I want you to know that I’m sorry. I realized that if it weren’t for you, our things would’ve been stolen.”

“You don’t have to apologize. Is there anything else I can help

you with?” Jonathan had a deadpan expression on him, clearly showing that he would like to end the conversation as soon as possible.

“No, that’s it.” Biting her lower lip, Yvette lowered her head disappointed, for it was obvious that the man would rather not spend another second on her.

“If there’s nothing else, I’ll be taking my leave now.” Jonathan decided that he had wasted enough time on the girls already. Had it not been for that coincidence, they probably would never have crossed each other’s path again after leaving the train.

“Huh? Do you have to go already? Why don’t you stay a little while longer?” suggested Kylie, reluctant to part ways again.

“We have to go now.” Jonathan waved at the girl and was about to walk away when he heard a man’s voice from behind. “Who’s that, Kylie?”

“Jerry, this is the person on the train that I told you about! He’s the one who broke all those hooligans’ teeth and threw them out of the train!” answered Kylie excitedly.

“That’s him?”

After listening to Kylie, the middle-aged man gave Jonathan a curious look. “My, my. I can’t imagine someone as young as you to possess such formidable skills.”

“I’m Kylie’s cousin, Jerry Walker. I can’t thank you enough for what you did for Kylie and Yvette.” Jerry then extended his arm toward Jonathan to get a handshake. However, Jonathan had no such intention.

“You don’t have to thank me. It was no problem at all. I just happened to be around then.”

Chapter 275 Unnamed Intentions

Jerry's face immediately darkened when his hand was left hanging like that.

Still, he did his best to suppress his emotions and plastered on a smile. "Oh, no. That won't do. If it weren't for your help, these two would probably be begging for money on the streets after leaving the train station. As Kylie's cousin, I feel like I should at least buy you a drink. What do you say?"

With that, Jerry quickly turned to order his men before Jonathan even had a chance to say anything, "You two, reserve a VIP room at a hotel and have them prepare a few bottles of their best wine. Just give them my name."

"Yes, Master Walker!"

After receiving their instruction, one of the men immediately made a phone call.

"You don't have to do that for me. I don't drink," informed Jonathan, trying to stop Jerry from making unnecessary arrangements.

"What? You don't drink?"

Seeing Jonathan's excuse as another sign of disrespect, Jerry was finally out of patience. Just who the heck does he think he is to turn down my offer like that? I'm only being this generous because he's with Sophia and Lydia, yet this b*stard thinks he's a big deal or something? Never have I stoop so low to converse with a nobody!

Jerry knew he wanted both Sophia and Lydia the moment he laid eyes on them, for he had seen almost all the women in Yaleview, but none of them could compare to the two.

Just by looking at Sophia and Lydia, the man could feel a strong desire burning up inside of him.

“Fine. If you don’t drink, why don’t you take a seat somewhere and enjoy the fight? When it’s over, I’ll let you pick a place for a late-night snack together,” offered Jerry.

“No, thank you.” Without a second thought, Jonathan turned the man once again because it was apparent to him that Jerry had an ulterior motive.

“Do you really think it’s a good idea to turn me down just like that?” Suddenly, the smile on Jerry’s face disappeared.

“Why not? In case you’ve forgotten, I don’t know you,” scoffed Jonathan.

“Why you little—” Scowling, Jerry was about to lose his temper, but fortunately, Kylie stopped him.

“Calm down, Jerry. There’s no need to get upset.” Kylie then shifted her attention to Jonathan to explain Jerry’s rude behavior, “Let me apologize on behalf of my cousin, Jonathan. He didn’t mean it.”

“I couldn’t care less, really,” responded Jonathan with his eyebrows tightly furrowed.

More than ready to make himself scarce, the man gestured for Sophia and Lydia to follow his lead. “Come on. Let’s leave this place.”

However, just when he was about to turn his back on Kylie, she called out to him again.

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“What is it this time?” Jonathan could have sworn that the girl was pushing the limit of his patience.

“Jonathan, won’t you at least consider staying just a while longer?”

Yvette and I will keep you company. I promise it will be worth your while,” pleaded Kylie with a pair of puppy-dog eyes. “She’s never missed any man before, you know? You’re the first one! You have no idea what it’s like to hear her chant your name every single day!”

“Kylie! Shut up! I don’t chant his name every day. Stop making things up!” Blushing, Yvette quickly put her hand over Kylie’s mouth to try to hush the girl.

“Are you sure you don’t? Because I’m pretty sure I hear his name coming out of your mouth every day,” teased Kylie.

When Sophia saw how much the girls wanted Jonathan to stay, she thought it would be cruel for him to deny them their wish.

“We can stay for a little while, right, Jonathan?”

Kylie’s eyes immediately sparkled when she heard Sophia. “See! Your friend wants to stay, so you should too, Jonathan.”

Then, Kylie gave Sophia a big smile. “Don’t tell anybody else, but I just won a few grand today from betting. You can have whatever you like later. My treat! Seeing how we’re of a similar age, I can probably guess what you like.”

Sophia almost burst out laughing when she heard Kylie. “We are definitely not of a similar age. I’m probably old enough to be your mother.”

In response, Kylie’s mouth was left agape. “How’s that possible? You look three years older than me at most. How are you old enough to be my mother? You’re trying to fool me, right? I’m not falling for that.”

“Why would I do that? I’m Jonathan’s aunt, so that should be enough to tell you how old I am.” Sophia chuckled, very much amused.

“You’re his aunt? No, no, no. That’s impossible! I don’t believe you. I mean, you look even younger than him,” insisted Kylie, refusing to accept that someone could look that young at such an old age.

“Well, aren’t you just a sweetheart?” Flattered, Sophia patted Kylie on the head as a show of appreciation before turning to her nephew. “It’s decided. We’ll stay a little longer, Jonathan. Come on. You don’t want to disappoint someone as adorable as this girl, do you? She might cry if you do.”

“No, I won’t!” protested Kylie, clenching her fists.

“Fine. We’ll stay just a little longer.” Since his aunt had decided to stay, Jonathan knew better than to insist on leaving.

Immediately, Kylie’s heart leaped up for joy when Jonathan finally agreed to stay with them.

“What are you guys waiting for? Go find a couple of seats for our friends!” Jerry commanded his men standing just behind him.

“Yes, sir!” The men then hurried away to carry out their order.

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“Please pardon my men’s ignorance. Sometimes, they just need a good yelling,” joked Jerry before smiling at Sophia and Lydia and gesturing for them to follow him.

They barely warmed up their seats when the gong suddenly rang.

Right after that, a few hourglass-figured women in pink bikinis strutted into the boxing ring.

“Next up, we give you the Phantom! His challenger for tonight is a newcomer. The man only goes by his ring name, Scar!”

As soon as the ring announcer was done with the introduction, the lights instantly fell on Scar, a bald boxer whose half-naked

body was entirely covered with tattoos that looked like knife scars.

In the middle of his back was a conspicuous one that seemed much larger than the others.

“Didn’t you say that the previous match was the last one?”

inquired Jonathan curiously after hearing the announcer.

“Well, Sophia couldn’t wait to leave this place just now, so I came up with an excuse,” answered Lydia with an embarrassed shrug.

The truth was that Lydia wanted to go home early after placing her bet, but she never expected Jonathan to find out that she lied.

Lydia could immediately feel the guilt set in when Jonathan responded with a mere glance, so she purposely changed the subject. “Who do you think is going to win this match?”

“No idea,” replied the man coldly.

“Oh, come on! Don’t be mad, Jonathan. I didn’t lie to you on purpose. I’m sure someone as magnanimous as you can forgive a white lie like that, right?” Sensing that the man was upset with her, Lydia pouted while holding on to his arm.

“No way!” Jonathan unceremoniously pulled his arm away from the woman.

“Fine! Be petty then!” With her arms crossed, Lydia rolled her eyes at the insufferable man.

“Seriously, Lydia? You just won twenty million. Is that not enough?” Sophia gave her friend a look when she overheard the conversation.

“What? She won twenty million?” exclaimed Jerry in surprise.

The man was seated next to Jonathan, so naturally, he could hear Sophia.

Lydia could not help but sneer at the man when she saw how shocked he was. “You think twenty million is a lot? Let me give you a real shocker. Jonathan here won two hundred million!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 276

Chapter 276 Beat Him Up Now

What? Jonathan just won two hundred million from betting? That’s impossible! When Kylie and Yvette heard the amount, they widened their eyes in disbelief at the man.

Chuckling, Jerry obviously did not believe what Lydia told him.

“You’re telling me that he won two hundred million from the bet? You must be joking because that’s definitely impossible.”

In order to win that ridiculous amount, Jerry knew that one would have to bet at least ten million.

After sizing Jonathan up, he was not convinced that the man in cheap clothing could afford to place such a bet.

“Why would I lie to you? I just saw the message myself, and it clearly states that two hundred million has been wired to his account.” Lydia quickly got offended when Jerry doubted her claim because she did not appreciate his arrogant attitude.

This man probably thinks he’s high and mighty! How disgusting! I really hate his guts!

“So he really won two hundred million?” After Lydia’s explanation, Jerry could no longer contain his emotions. The man’s jaw dropped so low that it could almost reach the floor. That’s a lot of money! Even if I spend every second of the rest of my life working, I probably still couldn’t earn that much. And Jonathan made that in just a few minutes?

In comparison, Jerry just lost a couple million, so naturally, he

was not happy to hear how well Jonathan was doing.

“Well, that’s up to you to believe it or not.”

Lydia then rolled her eyes at Jerry and decided that she would rather not waste any more time on the man.

“It’s not that I don’t believe it. I’m just—” Jerry wanted to explain himself when he realized that he had offended Lydia, but before he could finish his sentence, a young man in the front row turned around to inquire, “Whoa, man! Did you just bet on Ghost Fire and won two hundred million?”

“How is that any of your business?” Looking daggers at the young man, Jerry responded in Jonathan’s place.

Hearing about Jonathan’s winning only served to put Jerry in a foul mood. How is it that he won a fortune so easily while I lost my hard-earned money just like that? This is not fair!

“I’m just curious, man. It was a casual question.” The young man wondered what he said to deserve such rude treatment.

“I don’t care! I’m not in the mood right now, so you’d better turn back around and mind your own business!” roared Jerry.

“Oh, you’re not in the mood? Well, guess what? I’m not either. If it’s a fight you want, let’s go on with it!” Suddenly, the young man jumped to his feet and kicked Jerry in the stomach.

Holding his stomach in pain, Jerry glared at the young man with popped veins. “How dare you lay a finger on me! Do you know who I am, boy? You must have a death wish!”

With that, Jerry stood up and grabbed his chair to smash it on the young man’s head. “Teach him a lesson now!”

As commanded, Jerry’s men immediately charged forward and attacked the young man.

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Before long, the young man's face was so bruised up that he could barely open his eyes.

"Jerry, stop it! You'll kill him!" Kylie quickly stepped up to stop her cousin when he joined his men in the beating.

After spitting on the gravely injured young man, Jerry sent another kick into the man's stomach. "This will teach you never to lay a finger on me. Now get out of my sight before I change my mind. If I ever see you again, I'll break your legs! You hear me?" Covering his bleeding nose, the young man summoned every last bit of strength to get on his feet.

"Just you wait!" threatened the poor lad before scurrying away.

"You bet we'll be waiting, so you better show up!" retorted Jerry's men, as arrogant as the man himself.

However, they were suddenly humble again after turning to face Jerry. "Are you okay, Master Walker?"

In response, Jerry nonchalantly dusted off his shoulder. "Never better! This is to be expected when you visit an underground boxing ring."

Then, the man pointed his finger at a room behind him before continuing proudly, "Besides those people in there, who else in Yaleview dares to harrass me?"

However, Lydia found Jerry's haughtiness somewhat ridiculous, so she blurted, "What an idiot."

"What was that, Ms. Lydia?" Since the woman did not speak loudly, Jerry requested her to repeat herself.

"I was complimenting how cool you looked just now," replied

Lydia sarcastically, but it completely flew over the man's head. Jerry grinned from ear to ear after hearing Lydia's supposed praise. "Really? It was nothing. I actually held back because I didn't want to scare you. Nobody in Yaleview can cross me and get away with it! That bastard should consider himself lucky that I didn't break his legs. Otherwise, he would've had to crawl out of here." "Is that so?" responded Lydia with a forced half-smile. Jerry is definitely not the first narcissistic man I've met, and he probably won't be the last. Yaleview is full of people like him. Luckily, I eat these men for breakfast! "Are you sure we'll be fine after what you did to that man, Jerry?" As if her cousin had hit a bee nest, anxiousness was written all over Kylie's face. "What do you think is going to happen? With our family's vast influence in Yaleview, what can that bastard possibly do to us? Just go back to your seat. The match is about to start, so let's enjoy it." With a wave of his hand, Jerry brushed off his cousin. "Fine." Pouting, Kylie decided it was pointless to say anything else to Jerry.

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While the fight raged on in the ring, the injured young man knelt and begged outside a room on the second floor. "You have to help me, Mr. Morsley. I've never been so humiliated in my life! You have to teach that man a lesson he'll never forget!" "Don't worry about it. Now get on your feet. You do realize that you're a grown man, right? What kind of man would snivel like that? Get a hold of yourself!" Allen Morsley gave the young man a disgusted look before ordering his men to pull the poor lad up from the floor. "Now tell me. Who was it that bash you up?" questioned Allen

while a voluptuous woman in his arms lit his cigar for him. That woman turned out to be one of the most popular female celebrities in Chanaea.

So much so that almost everyone in the country had seen her face on TV or social media.

Even so, the well-known celebrity sat on Allen's lap and leaned against his chest like a kitten while the man ran his hand over her fair thigh.

The Legendary Man Chapter 277

Chapter 277 Introducing Allen Morsley

In response to Allen's question, the young man shook his head. "I don't know them, but I heard that one of them was called Master Walker."

"Master Walker? As in Christian Walker?" asked Allen with tightly knitted brows.

The man Allen mentioned is from one of the four prominent families in Yaleview.

"No, not him. Christian would never do anything like this to me. Besides, he wouldn't dare to beat me up or he would be disrespecting you."

"Who else in Yaleview goes by Master Walker besides Christian? So anyone can simply have people calling them Master nowadays, huh? It's ridiculous!" scoffed Allen at the thought. "Did you tell them that you're under my protection when they hit you?"

The young man scratched his head in embarrassment before answering, "No. I... I forgot to do that."

"Then you deserve getting the crap beat out of you! There's power in saying my name, and you should know that." Upset

with what he had heard, Allen gave the young man a kick on his bottom.

“You can hit me all you want later, Mr. Morsley, but if you don’t avenge me now, those b*stards are going to get away!” pleaded the young man rubbing his rear.

Smirking at the young man, Allen assured, “That’s not going to happen. No matter where they go, they can’t hide from me, so don’t worry. You’ll get your revenge.”

With that, Allen strode out of the room, and following closely behind him were several well-built men in suits.

Meanwhile, the fight in the boxing ring had gotten more intense.

Locking Ghost Fire’s neck with his arm, Scar pounded his opponent repeatedly in the abdomen.

Even though Ghost Fire was already beaten to a pulp, Scar showed no sign of slowing down.

The tattooed man then grabbed his opponent by the hair and started hitting him in the face.

“Kill him!”

“Destroy that b*stard!”

Excited, the crowd cheered and shouted at the fighters. It did not matter to them if someone got killed in the ring because they believed that the weak ones deserved to die, and that showed just how cruel underground boxing matches were.

However, a young man suddenly appeared from the crowd before stepping into the ring.

“Stop!” At the sound of his command, everyone at the scene was immediately shocked.

“Who the heck are you? Do you have some kind of death wish?”

“Hey, idiot! Get out of there! You’re ruining the match, man!”

“Da*n it! What are you doing in there? Get lost!”

Naturally, the crowd got upset when the young man interrupted the fight, so they started cursing at him.

However, it did not take long before some of them figured out who they were yelling at. Those who recognized the young man quickly warned their friends, “Shut up, man! Do you have any idea who that is? You’d better put a sock in it if you want to walk out of here alive.”

“What are you talking about? Who’s that?”

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“That’s Allen Morsley, you idiot!”

Immediately, those who cursed at Allen covered their mouths and lowered their heads to hide in the crowd, for nobody dared to offend him.

“I just told you to stop. Are you deaf?” When Scar continued to punch his opponent, Allen walked over and kicked the fighter in the stomach.

Scar then shifted his attention to Allen and was about to take a swing at the man when the ring owner shouted, “You stop it right there! Don’t you dare move a muscle!”

As ordered, Scar withdrew his fist that almost landed on Allen’s cheek. The boxer glared at Allen standing before him, imagining different ways to tear the young man apart.

“Don’t you know who that is? Are you trying to get yourself killed?” roared the owner at the fighter before instructing his subordinates, “Get those two out of the ring! Now!”

“Yes, sir!” Hurriedly, a dozen men rushed into the ring to remove Scar and Ghost Fire.

“Is something wrong, Mr. Morsley?” The ring announcer plastered on a smile before approaching Allen, who happened to be the last person he would want to offend.

Had it been somebody else interrupting the fight, the announcer would have had them fed to the dogs.

“Somebody disrespected me when they laid their hands on my friend. Hence, I can’t let them go unpunished,” explained Allen after glancing indifferently at the announcer.

“What? I didn’t think anyone in Yaleview would dare offend you, Mr. Morsley.” The news came as a surprise to the ring announcer.

“That makes two of us,” scoffed Allen before turning to the injured young man. “Get in here and tell me where they’re seated in the crowd.”

“Sure.”

As instructed, the young man quickly made his way into the ring and scanned his surrounding. Then, he pointed his finger in the direction where Jerry was seated. “There he is! And those people with him!”

The young man could not remember who was the person who hit him, so he decided to blame everyone in Jerry’s company, including Jonathan.

“So that’s the one who beat you up? Let’s get him to come into the ring.” Staring straight at Jerry, Allen gestured for the man to come forth.

Jerry’s face immediately turned grim when he realized who it was beckoning to him.

Oh no, that's Andy's brother, Allen Morsley. He's also known as the Devil of Yaleview, and he belongs to one of the four prominent families in Yaleview! What the heck did I do to upset the Devil himself?

Fear-stricken, Jerry suddenly broke out in cold sweat as his men who were just as afraid as he was, gathered around him.

“What should we do, Master Walker?” inquired the terrified men.

“How should I know? Don't you think I wish I have all the answers?” Jerry completely lost his temper because he knew that he was in trouble at that moment, so he forced an apologetic smile before standing up to respond to Allen. “It's all just a big misunderstanding, Mr. Morsley. I had no idea that he is a friend of yours.”

When Allen heard the man's terrible excuse, he could not help but scoff, “That's it? You think I'm going to just let this slide because you are ignorant?”

“If there's any way I can make it up to you, Mr. Morsley, please do let me know.” Jerry ate humble pie and bowed to the man to show his sincerity.

Compared to how he acted in front of the young man earlier, one could be forgiven for mistaking him for a different person.

“I want you and your friends to leave here with a broken leg. Plus, you have to compensate my friend for the trauma you caused with one hundred million.” Allen directly stated his conditions to Jerry.

“What?”

When Jerry heard the man, his face somehow turned even grimmer, for he did not think that he could agree to the terms.

“Mr. Morsley, these conditions of yours just seem-”

The Legendary Man Chapter 278

Chapter 278 Wealth Or Health

“Spit it out! I don’t have all day,” ordered Allen impatiently.

“They seem unreasonable!” Jerry knew that he could never agree to the man’s terms. I have to get my leg broken and pay one hundred million? No way!

“Which condition are you referring to? The one hundred million? Or breaking your leg?” questioned Allen coldly.

Both, of course! That was what Jerry thought, but he dared not say it out loud. “Mr. Morsley, I really don’t have one hundred million to pay your friend. What do you say I scrape up ten million for him, and we’ll call it even?”

Even though Jerry always pretended as though he would inherit a fortune, he actually came from a slightly above average family in Yaleview.

The most he could gather was a few million, but not the amount Allen demanded.

“You must be kidding me. Do I look like someone you can bargain with? I told you one hundred million, and that’s how much I expect to see. If you’re even a cent short, I’ll break your other leg too.”

“But Mr. Morsley... I can’t. Even if I wanted to, I don’t have one hundred million just lying around.”

“Is that so? Okay, then come over here.” Allen gave Jerry a cold

glance before beckoning to the man once again.

However, Jerry was so terror-struck that he completely froze.

“Get over here now!” Allen’s roar was enough to send shivers down Jerry’s spine.

“Mr. Morsley, my family-”

“I don’t give a da*n about your family! Do you think you’re Christian Walker? Well, let me tell you something. Even if Christian were the one who beat up my friend, I would show him no mercy,” interrupted Allen before Jerry could finish talking.

There was no one in Yaleview more well-known than Christian, yet Allen held nothing back when he undermined the member of a prominent family, for his family was just as influential, if not more.

In an instant, Jerry realized that he had made a fool of himself. Never in his life had he ever been that humiliated.

“I’ll only say this one last time. Get over here right now!” Allen sounded so fierce that Jerry had no choice but to obey him.

“Mr. Morsley, I...” Slap! Before Jerry could say anything else, he received a hard slap on the face from Allen.

Immediately after the smacking, his cheek turned as red as a tomato.

Still, Jerry remained silent and dared not oppose Allen.

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All he could do was rub his cheek to ease the pain and swallow his pride.

“Let me make myself clear. You’re to pay my friend one hundred million. If you’re even a cent short, I’ll break all your limbs. Do

you understand? And if you're still unable to pay then, I'll go to your family. Do you know what will happen if they can't pay? I'll kill every last one of you.”

Even in the face of such a severe threat, Jerry dared not utter a single word of defiance because he knew that Allen was dead serious.

However, compared to Allen, Jerry was even more terrified of the man's brother, Andy.

The future head of the Morsley family was said to have racked up countless kills alongside Asura.

What made Andy even more fearsome was that Asura personally recommended him to Asura's Office.

Nobody knew exactly what his position was in that place or what he was in charge of. In fact, only a handful of people knew what the man looked like, but that did nothing to dampen his influence. Some even said that his position in Asura's Office could rival that of the King of War.

The level of power that came with that kind of status was something unimaginable to Jerry.

One could say that the Morsleys owed their prominence to Andy, for he was the only reason the family rose to power.

“I'll figure something out. Your friend will get one hundred million from me!” promised Jerry with his teeth gritted.

Even though Jerry was well aware that Allen was extorting him, there was nothing he could do about it.

Otherwise, his entire family could be in danger.

“Don’t forget your leg. Besides the one hundred million, I want your leg broken,” reminded Allen before shifting his attention to Jonathan and the others. “That goes for you too. Every one of you will pay my friend one hundred million! Anyone who fails to do that will get another broken leg.”

Immediately, Kylie and Yvette trembled in fear since they also knew that it was impossible for them to get that much money. We’re just students! We can’t even afford to pay one million, much less one hundred million!

“What do we do, Jerry?” Kylie hoped that her cousin had thought of a way to get them out of the predicament.

However, Jerry was just as helpless as his cousin was. “How should I know? I’m in just as much trouble as you are, so what makes you think I can help you? Now just stop talking!”

“But Jerry...” Kylie was utterly disappointed when her cousin would not even look at her.

“Any ideas, Jonathan?” Sophia too got worried when they somehow got involved in the matter.

As another member of prominent families in Yaleview, Sophia was well aware of the kind of person Allen was. They don’t call him the Devil of Yaleview for no reason. That guy is despicable!

“It’s okay. Don’t worry about it. I mean, it’s not as if we did anything to the young man,” comforted Jonathan as he patted Sophia on the head.

“But-”

“You have nothing to be afraid of. I’m here, aren’t I?” assured Jonathan nonchalantly as though Allen’s threats meant nothing to him.

At that moment, Allen narrowed his eyes to scowl impatiently at Jonathan and Sophia. “What the heck are you two discussing

over there? Have you finally made up your mind? Your money or your limb?”

“You’re not going to receive a cent from me. I had nothing to do with what happened to your friend, so why should I pay him?” responded Jonathan in all seriousness.

“What did you say? Did I hear you right?” Allen then started laughing as though he had heard a good joke. “Are you trying to reason with me, boy?”

“It doesn’t seem like you’re a reasonable person,” retorted Jonathan coldly.

In response, Allen pointed his finger furiously at Jonathan. “Just who do you think you’re talking to? I’m the law in this city!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 279

Chapter 279 Who Did This

“Really?”

Jonathan glanced at him and said, “Good. I’m not the reasonable kind, anyway. You’re Andy’s brother, right? I can’t believe he has a brother like you!”

Andy Morsley, one of the four Kings of War of Asura’s Office.

Andy and Jonathan had fought countless battles together. After all that they had been through, the latter personally appointed Andy as the general overseeing hundreds of thousands of elite soldiers at Asura’s Office.

It was baffling that the inept and haughty Allen was actually Andy’s brother.

“Shut up!” The moment Allen heard that name, his expression immediately darkened. “How dare you talk about him? You’re

not leaving this place alive!”

Since young, the name “Andy” had been haunting him.

He had lived his entire life under Andy’s shadow.

Why?

In what way am I any worse than him?

“Yes!” After Allen’s command, a few burly men in black clothes began surrounding Jonathan and the others.

Every single one of their movements was designed to kill. They were obviously professionally trained.

“Are you guys from Asura’s Office?” Jonathan asked.

“What?”

Their expressions changed immediately. Obviously, they didn’t expect Jonathan to recognize them.

“How dare you speak out of line and falsely accuse me? Is that the way Andy taught you guys to behave?” Jonathan spat out as his expression turned frosty.

When Jerry heard that, he immediately stared in shock.

He’s crazy!

He’s gone absolutely insane!

Andy was personally appointed to the Asura’s Office by Asura himself. He was right up there along with the four Kings of War! Everyone had to respect him, even the most esteemed VIPs.

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Who was Jonathan to say such a thing? How could he accuse Andy of anything even remotely negative?

This was practically a death wish.

“I-I don’t know him! I’ve never met him before!” Jerry said, scurrying backward to distance himself from Jonathan.

If Jonathan wanted to die, Jerry didn’t want to be pulled down with him.

“We’re just following orders.” They didn’t know who Jonathan was, but one of the men frowned and said, “We apologize to you in advance.”

“Following orders?” Jonathan immediately scoffed coldly. “Is he in danger?”

“No,” one of the other burly men said as they all shook their heads.

As members of Asura’s Office, their mission was to protect the country.

They wanted to win wars and kill off any opponents in their way. They didn’t want to follow Allen around on his tomfoolery. At this point, they couldn’t even respect themselves.

“Since he’s not in a life-or-death situation, then whose commands are you following exactly?” Jonathan’s expression was ice cold. “Did Andy ask you guys to fool around with Allen?”

“We are sorry!” The burly men looked at each other and gritted their teeth. “We can’t go against his orders.”

They rushed forward without another word and surrounded them, leaving no mercy.

Sadly, before any of them could attack, Jonathan instantly defeated all of them.

Bang! All of them collapsed with a single punch from Jonathan. At that very moment, Allen’s eye started twitching.

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These men from Asura's office were personally picked by Andy to protect Allen, and yet Jonathan defeated them with just one punch.

How is that possible?

"Since Andy didn't teach you guys properly, then I'll teach you guys a lesson." Jonathan glanced at the members of Asura's Office who were lying on the floor and walked toward Allen. "D-Don't come near!" Allen's eyes flashed in panic as Jonathan walked closer toward him. "What do you think you're doing?" "Call Andy!" Jonathan ordered.

"W-What?" Allen looked at Jonathan in shock, wondering if he had heard the right thing.

How dare he still call Andy after beating me up?

"I said, call Andy!" Jonathan bellowed as he kicked Allen's stomach.

That kick immediately sent Allen flying onto the ground.

"Am I clear enough now?" Jonathan looked at Allen coldly while the latter was curled up on the floor with his arms tightly folded over his stomach.

"I-I don't want that hundred million anymore!" Allen said with gritted teeth, crawling up with difficulty.

He couldn't muster up the courage to call Andy.

If Andy had learned about all of this, he would beat Allen to death.

"That's not up for you to decide," Jonathan replied coldly as he glared at Allen. As he spoke, he kicked Allen on the stomach again.

The latter immediately collapsed onto the ground, falling on his knees in front of Jonathan.

“Call him right now and ask him if he wants this hundred million.”

“O-Okay.”

After a couple of kicks, Allen was already too afraid to resist. He picked up his phone and dialed a number.

However, when the audience below the stage saw all of this, they were instantly paralyzed in shock.

Allen was the great Andy Morsley’s brother, after all. Yet, he was getting beaten up and kneeling for forgiveness right then.

The culprit was even forcing him to call Andy!

What was going on?

That man must have a death wish!

That very moment, the entire room was dead silent.

It was so quiet that the audience could hear their breathing.

Everyone had their eyes on Jonathan, wondering what he would do next.

They had already guessed what would happen to him—Death.

There was no other way out for the man other than dying.

He would die without even an intact corpse for the burial.

Beep.

Beep. Beep.

The plain ringing tone of the phone pierced through the audience’s ears.

A few seconds later, a deep voice spoke.

“Hello?”

“Andy! You have to save me!” Allen called out the moment Andy

picked up. His voice was trembling as if he were about to cry. He had never suffered such humiliation in his life.

“What’s going on?” Andy asked calmly. He didn’t seem worried in the slightest.

“I just got beaten up!” Allen said in a panic.

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“You got beaten up?” Andy asked in surprise. “What about those from Asura’s Office? Didn’t I hire them to protect you?”

“They got beaten up too!” Allen glanced over at the bruised, bloody members of Asura’s Office.

“What? Even they got beaten up?” Andy’s tone immediately changed. “Who did this?”

The Legendary Man Chapter 280

Chapter 280 Kneel Down And Apologize

“I-I don’t know,” Allen mumbled in a small voice.

He was too embarrassed to admit that he, the descendant of the Morsley family, didn’t even know who had beaten him up and humiliated him.

“Tell him that my name is Jonathan Goldstein,” Jonathan said coldly.

“What? Who did he say he is?” The moment he heard Jonathan’s name, Andy’s tone immediately shifted once again. Even his breathing had begun to shake.

“He said his name is Jonathan Goldstein,” Allen said meekly.

“Pass him the phone right now!” Andy barked.

“Andy, I—” Allen started, but Andy immediately cut him off. “I told you to pass the f*cking phone to him!”

“My brother wants to talk to you,” Allen said sulkily as he passed the phone to Jonathan. “Jonathan, is it? You’re done for!” With Andy backing him up, Allen was already much more arrogant.

Jonathan couldn’t be bothered to reply to Allen. “Hello?”

“Mr. Goldstein? Is that you?” Andy asked in excitement.

“Yes,” Jonathan answered.

“Mr. Goldstein! It’s actually you!” Andy spoke loudly in excitement. “When did you come back to Yaleview?”

“Just two days ago.”

“Where are you? I’ll send someone to pick you up. No! I’ll come and pick you up myself!” Andy said frantically.

After Jonathan disappeared a year ago without a trace, no one had heard anything from him.

Even Andy himself couldn’t find any traces of information about Jonathan.

Some people said he had died, and some said he had gone back into hiding—none of which he believed.

How could Asura himself die?

If anyone had dared to say that in front of Andy himself, he would personally kill them.

“There’s no need for that. I’ll go back when I’m supposed to.”

“Understood, Mr. Goldstein!”

Andy had always treated Jonathan’s word as gospel and didn’t dare to say a word otherwise. However, he urgently asked, “Mr. Goldstein, if I may ask, how did you bump into someone like Allen?”

Andy wasn’t even trying to hide his disdain toward Allen in the

slightest.

“I met him at an underground boxing ring,” Jonathan replied coldly.

“Underground boxing ring?”

Andy’s voice became cold at those words. “Was that little punk bullying others again?”

Being his older brother, Andy was perfectly clear of the things Allen was up to.

“Yes,” Jonathan said casually. “He made me pick between getting a leg broken or giving him a hundred million.”

“F*ck. I should have known!”

Andy was furious after hearing what Jonathan had said. “How dare he mess with you out of all people? Please don’t be angry, Mr. Goldstein. He’s been spoiled rotten at home. It’s his luck for ending up messing with you out of all people. You can settle this any way you see fit. Even if you decide to take his life, I won’t even blink an eye.”

Andy had chosen Jonathan over his own brother without even batting an eyelid.

Sure, Allen may have been Andy’s blood, but Jonathan was practically his god.

He was the one and only Asura.

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“Since it’s your brother we’re talking about, you can decide what you want to do with him,” Jonathan said as he looked at Allen, who was still kneeling on the ground. “The reason I called you today was to warn you that if you don’t teach him properly, he’ll

soon end up dead.”

“Yes, Mr. Goldstein!”

Andy finally let out a sigh after hearing that Jonathan would spare Allen’s worthless life.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Goldstein. From today onward, I’ll be keeping a close eye on him. I swear on my life that I’ll teach him a good lesson!” Andy promised without a second thought.

“Okay. That’s all,” Jonathan said. He couldn’t be bothered to talk to Andy any longer and returned the phone to Allen.

The moment he got his phone back, Allen instantly said, “Andy, kill him!”

“Shut the hell up!” Andy shouted angrily before Allen could say anything else. “Apologise immediately. Also, tell those people from Asura’s Office to get their sorry ass*s back here right now!”

“Why should I?”

Allen immediately threw a tantrum at the sound of having to apologise to Jonathan. “He was the one who beat me up, so why should I apologize to him?”

“Why should you? I’ll tell you why. He just spared your life! He was being kind enough to not kill you on the spot. Stop whining and say sorry to him right now. If not, I’ll break both of your legs.”

“But...”

Allen was practically in tears at this point.

He couldn’t believe it! He, the esteemed descendant from the Morsley family, got beaten up. Yet, he had to apologize to his assailant!

If word of this got out, how could he bear to show his face in Yaleview ever again?

“Stop barking and apologize right now. I’ll be keeping you at

home for three months. If you even dare to step out during those three months, I'll break both of your legs.”

Andy hung up right after that without giving Allen the slightest chance to argue.

Right after Andy hung up, Allen looked pissed off.

Apart from that, he was also embarrassed.

Even in his wildest dreams, he would never imagine that the person who had always had his back would suddenly clean his hands of him so easily.

Brotherhood?

Advertisement

All of that is fake.

All lies!

“I'm sorry,” Allen finally spat out after a long internal battle.

For once, he bowed down to someone else and apologized.

For some reason, those two simple words seemed to drain him of all of his energy.

Sorry?

The moment Allen said those words, the room was practically frozen in surprise.

They all looked at him in shock, as if wondering if they had heard it wrongly.

Were they actually hearing Allen Morsley apologize to someone else?

How could that be?

“I'm guessing you don't want that hundred million anymore?”

Jonathan said, glancing at Allen.

“N-No,” Allen mumbled as he lowered his head, not daring to

look at Jonathan.

How he wished the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

He was so humiliated that it felt like someone was pressing his face to the floor and stepping on it.

Allen had never been this humiliated in his entire life.

“What about the two of them?” Jonathan asked as he looked at Sophia and Lydia. “Do you want their money?”

“No!” Allen was about to grind his teeth to a stump with how hard he was gritting them.

Since when had he ever had to suffer through such humiliation?

“W-What about me?” Jerry, who had been keeping his distance from them before, hurriedly ran nearer and asked, “I don’t have to give any money either, right?”

“What do you think?”

Jonathan glanced at Jerry in disdain. “Have you forgotten your own words? You said that we weren’t related in any way.”