

The Legendary Man Chapter 361

Chapter 361 You Are Not Qualified

To Lionel's surprise, the man in front of him was none other than Shawn Jones, the eldest son of the Jones family.

His father was the head of the family, but more importantly, his uncle was the governor of Jipsdale!

Lionel immediately felt a chill run down his spine.

What's this devil doing here? Whatever it is, he's not one to be messed with, and it wouldn't do me any good to offend him!

As soon as Shawn heard Lionel, he couldn't help but cast the latter a condescending stare. "Oh? Do you know me?"

Advertisement

Ha! He's just a lowly police captain. It's not surprising that I don't know who he is. Besides, there are hundreds of police captains in Jipsdale. How am I supposed to know all of them?

"I do! Of course, I do!" Lionel replied humbly. "Who in Jipsdale wouldn't know who you are? By the way, Mr. Jones, were you the one who called the police?"

"That's right!" Shawn answered with a nod.

"Um, in that case, where's the terrorist that you mentioned?" Lionel asked as he glanced around. Try as he might, he couldn't see any at all.

The only ones here are the hotel staff and guests. How can there be any terrorists?

Advertisement

The next second, Shawn pointed an accusing finger at Jonathan. "He's the one!"

"Him?"

Lionel gazed in the direction Shawn was pointing and froze in his tracks. Even though Jonathan had blood all over him, he looked so young that he was at most a recent graduate.

How could someone like that be a terrorist?

Shawn's face instantly darkened. "What's wrong?" he snapped. "Do you doubt my words?"

How dare anyone in Jipsdale question my words! The audacity!

"No, no, that's not what I meant!" Lionel hastily explained when he realized Shawn was about to fly into a rage. Unfortunately, before he could say anything else, the latter interrupted, "What did you mean, then? Listen, I saw this guy kill hundreds of people yesterday at Shadow Dragon Pool!"

Upon hearing that, Lionel paled. "What? Hundreds of people? And you witnessed all of it?"

Has that guy really wiped out hundreds of people? Doesn't that make him a psycho murderer? If so, not even a hundred death sentences would be enough for him!

Advertisement

"Of course!" Shawn retorted, annoyed that Lionel had sounded so doubtful of him. "Why are you still standing there? Aren't you going to haul him back to the station?"

"Yes, Mr. Jones!"

Having heard Shawn's instruction, Lionel quickly gestured to his subordinates. "Cuff this guy up and take him back to the station! If he resists even a little, shoot him on the spot!"

As Lionel gave the order, there was a twinkle of excitement in his eyes.

After all, anyone capable of shooting hundreds of people was undoubtedly a highly dangerous terrorist, and it'd be Lionel's crowning achievement if he could take such a criminal down.

For all he knew, he might even get promoted to the position of Jipsdale's police chief!

"Yes, sir!"

At Lionel's command, the police officers behind him promptly raised their guns and approached Jonathan.

Jonathan, however, remained unfazed by everything that was happening. Instead, he turned to Lionel with a stone-faced stare. "Just because he says I'm a terrorist, you immediately take his word for it? Is this how the Jipsdale Police Station handles its cases?"

As soon as Jonathan uttered the last sentence, his tone of voice turned frighteningly cold, to the point where even Lionel was startled.

"Enough with your nonsense! Who are you to criticize how we work at the Jipsdale Police Station?" Lionel scoffed as he glared at Jonathan. Then, he waved a hand at his subordinates again. "Don't just stand there! Get him back to the station now!"

"Yes, sir!"

With that, the police officers jumped into action and lunged at Jonathan.

At that moment, however, the latter casually flicked his half-smoked cigarette away and looked up at Lionel.

“Looks like you aren’t going to be reasonable, which is just as well because I hate reasoning with people!” he bellowed.

Jonathan then said, “You want to arrest me, huh? Too bad, but you aren’t qualified for that. Get your police chief to meet me!”

Upon hearing that, Lionel couldn’t help but sneer derisively at him. “Meet our police chief? Who do you think you are? But if you really must, you’ll have plenty of time to do so once you’re at the police station!”

Immediately after, Lionel gestured to the other officers. “Go on! Get him now!”

“Yes, sir!”

Several police officers quickly stepped forward and surrounded Jonathan, seemingly ready to attack at any time. The rest of the officers trained their guns on him, looking like they’d shoot without hesitation if he did anything rash.

“I’ve already said to get your police chief to see me!” Jonathan fumed as a glint of impatience flashed across his eyes. “I don’t have much time, so you’d better not waste what’s left of it! Also, I hate having people point their guns at me. The last person who did that has since gotten pulverized!”

“Are you trying to scare me?” Lionel asked with a cold chuckle. “Do you know what you’re doing? You’re threatening the police! It’s a serious felony, and for that alone, I can execute you on the spot!”

Jonathan’s eyes turned cold when he heard those words. “Execute me on the spot? Who gave you the guts to say that to me?”

Without further ado, he rushed forward to grab Lionel’s wrist with his right hand and twisted it hard. In that instant, the sickening crunch of bones breaking rang out.

To everyone’s horror, Jonathan had broken Lionel’s wrist.

The latter’s gun, too, fell and landed in Jonathan’s hand.

“You! How dare you attack the police!” Lionel thundered, furious that Jonathan had laid a finger on him and even snatched his gun.

“I told you I hated people pointing their guns at me. Do you not understand my words?” After saying that, Jonathan lifted his leg and kicked the police captain squarely in the stomach.

Unfortunately, the kick was so strong that Lionel couldn’t react in time. Before he knew it, he had fallen to his knees before Jonathan with a loud thud.

Lionel turned white as a sheet when he found himself staring down the barrel of his gun. “D-Do you have any idea what you’re doing now? You’re assaulting the police!”

As a police captain, he had only ever been the one to point his gun at others, not the other way around. Besides, no normal person would have the guts to threaten him with one.

“Assaulting the police? How is someone like you even fit to be a police officer?” Jonathan scoffed.

He went on, “Don’t worry. I won’t kill you. I don’t want to get your filth all over my hands!”

Then, he casually raised his hand and shot Lionel in the knee, sending a golden bullet piercing through the latter’s leg.

“This shot is to remind you to watch yourself around me. You’d better not do anything that I don’t like. Otherwise, I might send the next bullet through your head!” Jonathan warned as he pinned Lionel with a steely gaze.

“Call your police chief. Get him to see me!” he then ordered.

The Legendary Man Chapter 362

Chapter 362 You Speak Too Much

“I’ll make the call. I’ll make the call right now!”

As he stared down the barrel of the gun, Lionel had no choice but to give in. Without further complaints, he grabbed his phone and placed a call to his superior. He began, “Chief, this is team two captain, Lionel Moretz. I’ve met with danger over at Jipsdale International Hotel. Please send reinforcements over as soon as possible!”

“You’re in danger? Exactly what trouble have you gotten into?” asked a coarse and gruff voice over the phone.

“I...” began Lionel.

He snuck a glance at Jonathan before he carefully continued, “I bumped into a terrorist! An eyewitness personally saw him kill hundreds of people, and he even pointed a gun right at me as he demanded that you come over to see him in person.”

Upon hearing Lionel’s words, the person at the other end of the call impatiently yelled, “You useless idiot! Stall him for me. I’ll come over with a team straight away!”

With that, he proceeded to end the call and didn’t bother waiting for Lionel to respond.

Advertisement

“I-I’ve made the call!” exclaimed Lionel as he turned and looked up at Jonathan.

“Didn’t you want to arrest me? Why didn’t you ask him to come over with more men?” asked Jonathan indifferently as he eyed Lionel. “Furthermore, do you remember what I said to you earlier?”

“W-What?” asked Lionel anxiously amidst his confusion. The way he was now, he could barely string two words together to form a coherent sentence. He was terrified that Jonathan would blow his brains out anytime on a whim.

“I said that I absolutely hated having guns pointed at me!” stated Jonathan coldly.

Advertisement

“Lower your guns, all of you!” exclaimed Lionel immediately in response to Jonathan’s words as he glared at the throng of police officers gathered around them.

The group reacted immediately and lowered their guns without the slightest bit of hesitation.

In an instant, the scene in the hotel lobby had changed dramatically. Now, countless police officers were standing by idly as they watched Jonathan point his firearm at Lionel helplessly. They could not do anything to intervene.

As he took in the sight of Lionel being helplessly held hostage and held at gunpoint like a fool by Jonathan, Shawn couldn’t help but curse aloud, “You idiot! What a useless fool!”

He had called the police over with the intent of having them band together to arrest Jonathan. However, their captain had actually gone on to kneel before Jonathan in surrender and didn’t even dare to move an inch.

“Shoot him! Damn it! Go on and shoot him down now where he stands! I’ll bear the consequences if something goes wrong!” railed Shawn at the top of his lungs at the throng of police officers.

However, one of them stuttered in response, “W-What about our captain…”

“Even if he fell right here, he would have died in the line of duty. It’d be his honor! As police officers, how could you allow a criminal to take one of you hostage and threaten you like this? Can you even call yourselves the police? Fire at him now!” exclaimed Shawn furiously upon hearing the officer’s words.

A cold shiver ran through Lionel’s body as he took in Shawn’s yells. He immediately shouted at his men, “Don’t shoot! If anyone dares to shoot, it’ll be deemed as murder! Watch as I strip you of your uniform!”

Shawn saw that none of the officers dared to take the shot, and his face twisted with fury. As he prepared to march up to the group of police officers to snatch a gun out of their hands, he remarked, “Damn it! Give me your gun since you don’t dare to use it!”

However, just as he raised his leg to move, Jonathan's right arm twitched, and a bullet suddenly pierced through the air with a bang to lodge itself in Shawn's right leg.

With just that one shot, Shawn crashed to the ground and landed heavily on his knees.

Advertisement

Jonathan eyed him coolly and stated, "You speak too much! Did you really think I spared your miserable life at Shadow Dragon Pool because I was afraid of the Jones family? Nonsense! I just didn't want to get my hands dirty at that time!"

The next second, his gaze turned icy cold as he continued, "Isn't Fabian your uncle? Give him a call and have him come to save you! Just remember that I'm only giving him ten minutes to do so. Your life is basically forfeit if I don't see him within the next ten minutes."

Just as the words came out of his mouth, another resounding bang echoed throughout the space. Jonathan had fired yet another shot at Shawn. This time, the bullet had embedded itself in Shawn's other leg and rendered it unusable as well.

"Call him!"

"You..." Shawn glared at Jonathan and could barely fight the urge to skin him alive. As the young master of the Jones family, this was the first time he had suffered this level of humiliation in Jipsdale. "Just you wait!"

Following that, he clenched his teeth as he reached for his phone and dialed a number. Soon after, a somewhat elderly voice picked up and said, "Hello?"

"Uncle Fabian, it's me, Shawn. I'm in trouble! Please send men over to rescue me!" shouted Shawn into the phone the second the call connected.

"Slow down. What happened to you?"

"I'm currently being held hostage at Jipsdale International Hotel by a terrorist. He wants you to come over to meet him in person. If you're not here in the next ten minutes, he'll kill me right away! Please come and save me, Uncle Fabian!" pleaded Shawn fearfully.

"What? You're being held hostage by a terrorist? He wants to meet me personally?" Fabian repeated upon taking in Shawn's situation. He continued in a markedly different tone, "Tell him that I'll rush over immediately to meet him and make sure he doesn't make any sudden moves. I'll end him if you lose so much as a single hair on your head!"

With that, Fabian didn't wait for Shawn to elaborate further and proceeded to end the call. Once the call ended, Shawn seemed to have regained some of his initial vigor and courage. Even as he kneeled helplessly on the ground before Jonathan, he arrogantly

remarked, "It's best that you wise up, Jonathan! You know full well who my uncle is and what status and influence he has. If you so much as touch a single strand of my hair, even the heavens won't be enough to save you!"

Shawn's uncle was Fabian Jones, the governor of Jipsdale. He was only second to the Western King of War responsible for protecting Jipsdale, Jeremy Yates. As Jeremy basically kept a low profile and came and went as he pleased, that left Fabian as the key authority figure in the entirety of Jipsdale. With that in mind, Shawn felt that only fools would dare to make a move against Fabian when in Jipsdale. Even if the heavens or God himself were to intervene, he knew that it would be near impossible for Jonathan to get himself out of this sticky situation.

"Oh, is that so? Well, I do want to see just who has the final say when it comes to matters in Jipsdale... Will it be Fabian or me?" replied Jonathan idly as he lit a cigarette and gazed at the door.

It didn't take long before the sound of police sirens suddenly erupted outside the hotel entrance. This was soon followed by the arrival of numerous police patrol cars and accompanied by a series of thunderous roars as they screeched to a grinding halt right in front of the hotel entrance.

Beyond the blockade formed by the police patrol cars, several army trucks had lined up behind them on standby and were ready to move at a moment's notice. The entire group of Spike Dragon Guards was standing at attention in front of the train of trucks. This group represented one of the eight major Asura Guards and had been instructed by Asura's Office to guard Jipsdale with their lives.

Unless something huge or critical was to happen, the Spike Dragon Guards virtually never mobilized for action. However, they had been activated today along with the military police. Such was the threat that Jonathan was perceived to pose.

Shawn's eyes flashed triumphantly at this sight.

He was sure now that Jonathan was completely and utterly doomed. He couldn't see any way that Jonathan could worm his way out of this situation, especially since the Spike Dragon Guards were now involved. They had no mercy to speak of and would obliterate everything in their path. Even if they were faced with an army of a hundred copies of Jonathan, it would be completely meaningless to them. They wouldn't even require an iota of effort to get rid of him.

All of a sudden, a loud bang reverberated through the air as the huge door leading into the hotel was kicked wide open by someone on the outside.

The Legendary Man Chapter 363

Chapter 363 Death Penalty

"Uncle Fabian!"

The moment the Spike Dragon Guards encircled the entire hotel lobby, Shawn spotted Fabian in the crowd instantly.

"Shawn?"

Upon hearing Shawn's voice, a middle-aged man in a black military outfit walked out from behind the Spike Dragon Guards at once. His hair was somewhat white, and he did not seem to be very old, but he had a naturally intimidating aura. He was none other than the governor of Jipsdale, Fabian Jones. His existence was only second to Jeremy Yates, the Western King of War who guarded Jipsdale.

"Uncle Fabian, save me!" yelled Shawn in a panic. Right then, at one glance, Fabian noticed his nephew's right leg had been penetrated by a bullet. His face instantly turned grim. "Who did this?"

"It was him!" shouted Shawn immediately as he pointed at Jonathan. "Uncle Fabian, kill him! I want him dead!"

"Shut up!"

Fabian could not help but glare at Shawn at once when he heard the latter utter such bold words in front of so many people.

Even if Shawn wanted Jonathan dead, he absolutely must not declare his desire in front of these many people.

With a solemn face, Fabian directed his gaze in the direction that Shawn was pointing. His eyes landed on Jonathan. "So it was you who told Shawn to call me and instruct me to come and see you within ten minutes?"

"That's right," answered Jonathan flatly.

However, the moment he spoke, Fabian's expression instantly changed.

Why does this voice sound so familiar?

Advertisement

In fact, Jonathan's voice was so familiar to Fabian that once he heard it, his entire body shuddered out of reflex.

"M-Mr. Goldstein?" Fabian stuttered in his speech.

"What's the matter? Do you not recognize me?" said Jonathan as he looked at Fabian calmly. With that one glance, the latter was so terrified that his legs immediately became like jelly, and with a thud, he dropped to his knees in front of Jonathan. "I, Fabian Jones, governor of Jipsdale, am honored to meet you, Mr. Goldstein!"

Everyone went quiet at once.

One could even hear a pin drop in this deafening silence.

Incredulity filled the eyes of everyone as they watched the scene that unfolded before them.

Advertisement

The governor of Jipsdale, who was only second to Jeremy, the Western King of War, was kneeling before another.

If they had not seen it with their own eyes, they would have suspected that they had perceived things wrongly.

After all, Fabian was the governor of Jipsdale.

He was seated at the pinnacle of authority.

The entire Jipsdale was at his mercy.

Even Jeremy, the Western King of War, would consider him as his peer.

Yet such an amazing person was kneeling before a terrorist, who was covered in blood, in front of everyone.

How was that possible?

“Looks like you still remember me!” Jonathan expressionlessly eyed Fabian, who remained on his knees before him. “I thought you might’ve forgotten me since you’ve been in Jipsdale for so long!”

When Fabian heard the man’s words, a shiver instantly ran down his spine. Frantically, he explained, “How could I? Even if I die and turn into ashes, I will never forget you, Mr. Goldstein!”

If it were not for the fact that Jonathan was covered in blood, Fabian would not have instinctively mistaken him for a terrorist, thus failing to recognize the godly man.

There were not a lot of people on this Earth who could strike fear into Fabian.

He was not even afraid of the Eight Kings of War.

Nevertheless, there was one person who he was fearful of—Asura.

If it had not been for Asura personally assigning Fabian to this post, what right would the latter possibly have to be stationed in Jipsdale with such a high rank?

All his authority came from Jonathan.

As long as Jonathan said the word, Fabian, the governor of Jipsdale, could instantly become the most worthless scum on Earth.

Advertisement

“Is that so?”

After hearing Fabian’s explanation, Jonathan casually lit a cigarette, glanced at the middle-aged man nonchalantly, and inquired, “Why do I feel that Jipsdale doesn’t look like it belongs to Asura’s Office? Instead, it looks like it belongs to you. How about I talk to Asura’s Office about giving you ownership of Jipsdale from here on out? Or I could tell Jeremy to remove his army from Jipsdale, then Jipsdale can announce its

independence tomorrow.”

“Mr. Goldstein!”

When Fabian heard what Jonathan uttered, his legs immediately became weak. His face pale as a sheet, he hurriedly continued to plead, “Mr. Goldstein, please hear me—” Before Fabian could finish his words, Jonathan interrupted, “That’s enough! There’s no need to explain anything more. I’ve seen with my own eyes your influence and power in Jipsdale. With just a single phone call, your nephew can label me as a terrorist without even a single piece of evidence. Even the captain of the police force does not dare to refute. Fabian Jones, how mighty you are! How about I hand my position over to you, and you can govern Asura’s Office from now on?”

When Jonathan uttered his last sentence, the tone of his speech turned frighteningly cold.

Thanks to that, Fabian was so terrified that he bowed and groveled before Jonathan at once. “Mr. Goldstein, I’m sorry! I was wrong!”

He did not make any attempts to refute or defend himself.

As Jipsdale’s governor, whom Jonathan had personally appointed, Fabian knew his temper all too well. If he dared to say anything in retaliation, his head might roll the next second.

“Do you think saying that you’re sorry is enough?” Jonathan glanced at Fabian with an icy expression. “Here’s a question for you. Who gave you the authority to utilize the Spike Dragon Guards as you please? Do you know the crime you’ve committed for doing so?”

Back when they conquered the lands and calmed the ravaging chaos, Jonathan had established the rule that the governor’s office and the King of War Division should not interfere with one another.

The governor’s office was to handle administrative affairs, while the King of War Division would handle military affairs.

Not only that, but the governor’s office did not have the authority to dispatch Asura Guards without permission, nor did the King of War Division have the authority to interfere with whatever the governor’s office did.

The penalty that befell any who went against the rule was death.

“Y-Yes!” Fabian was ashen-faced as cold sweat trickled down his forehead.

As the governor of Jipsdale, how would he not know the crime of dispatching Asura Guards without permission?

“Yet you still mobilized them as you pleased.” In an instant, Jonathan’s gaze became frosty. “Did you really think that Jipsdale belongs to your family now?”

“N-No! I wouldn’t!”

Fabian was so scared that his lips quivered, and he could not speak as eloquently anymore. It was hard to imagine that the governor would be this fearful of another person.

“Are you sure? Is there anything that you, Fabian Jones, wouldn’t dare do in Jipsdale?” questioned Jonathan in a stern voice.

“Mr. Goldstein, t-this is a misunderstanding!” Fabian frantically clarified. “I-I really didn’t mobilize the Spike Dragon Guards on my own. It was only after I received the Western King of War’s personal approval that I dared to mobilize them!”

The moment Jonathan heard Fabian’s words, his face instantly became dark. “Jeremy approved of this personally? Tell him to come and see me!”